

CALLING
ALL
BOYS

CALLING ALL BOYS

**HOCKEY
HERO**

HECTOR

BOYS' HERO OF THE MONTH

GARY COOPER

**SONS OF
THE THUNDERER**

**COACH'S
CORNER**



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

BOYS' HERO of the MONTH

Gary Cooper

THE director looked the tall, gangling boy up and down.

"So you want a job in the movies, eh, son?"

"Yessir."

"Well, I've got a role for you. I need an extra to hold the hind hoof of this mule while it's being shod. It'll take about four days and pay you \$10.00."

That was Gary Cooper's first movie role and it was back in the nineteen-twenties. Since then the rangy, slow-spoken son of a Montana Supreme Court Justice has gone far in Hollywood—and in the hearts of millions of America's boy theater-goers! Some of his most famous films have been "Lives Of A Bengal Lancer," "Saratoga Trunk" and "The Plainsman."

Born in Helena, Montana, Gary attended school in England for four years. Returning to America, he spent much of his time riding the range, developing a love for wide-open spaces and action.

Gary worked for a time as a cartoonist and then determined to break into pictures. It was an uphill battle but he stuck at it, until today he is a top-ranking star. Watch for his next big role in the Technicolor picture, "Unconquered."

Because he has consistently acted in movies that have been at the top of the movie ladder—because he is as clean and upright in his personal life as on the screen—the readers of "CALLING ALL BOYS" have selected Gary Cooper as "Boys' Hero Of The Month!"



THIS MONTH'S Contents

MARCH—1947

	page
Tex Granger.....	3
13 Rue Madeleine.....	9
Suicide Run.....	14
Hector.....	18
Caech's Corner.....	24
Sans Of The Thunderer.....	26
Dig Bailey.....	30
Ga Western, Young Man.....	36
Mafi Call.....	36
Bigbrain Billy.....	37
Let's Talk It Over.....	43
Quizzing All Boys.....	43
What's New For You.....	44
Hockey Marathon.....	45
Spotlight On Stamps.....	50

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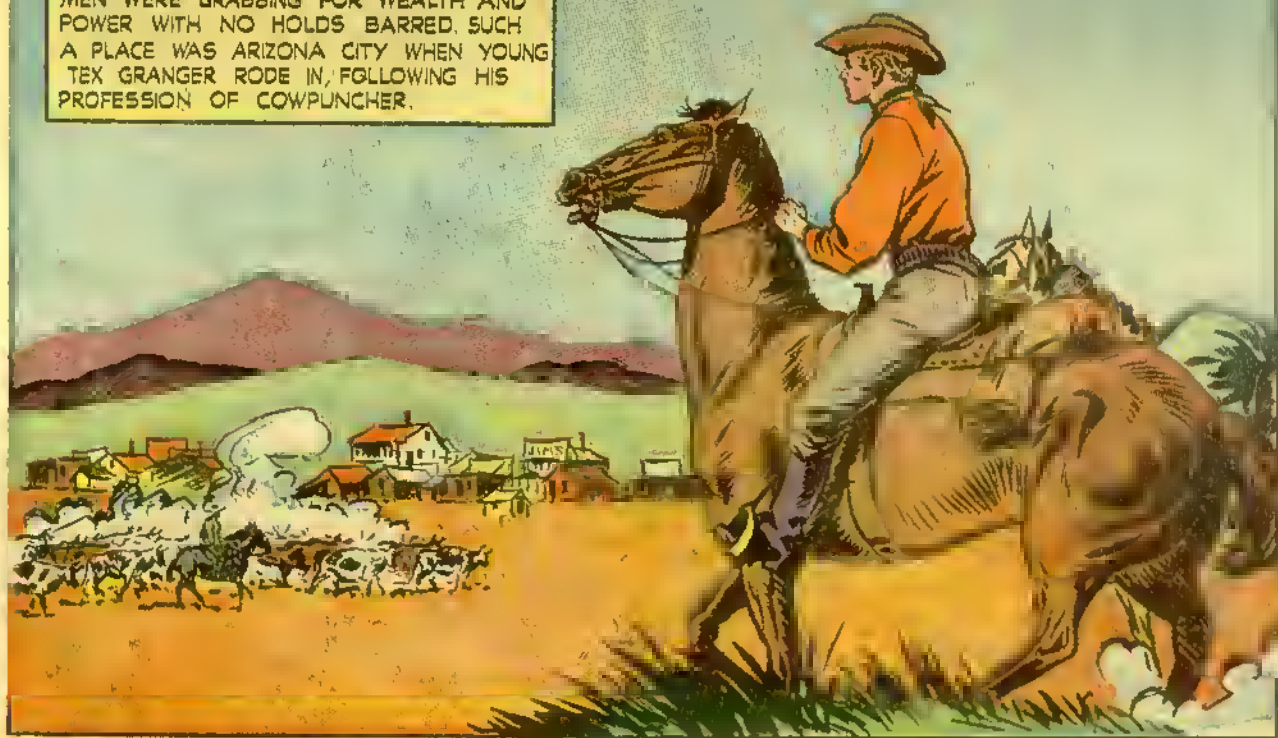
Boys' Wear Editor

ARTHUR TODD

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Tex Granger

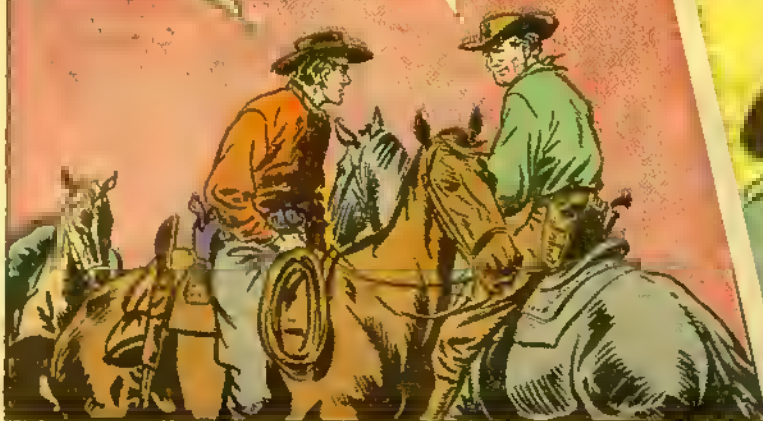
IN THE 1870'S THE GREAT WESTERN PLAINS WERE WIDE-OPEN AND LAWLESS—WHERE GREEDY AND UNSCRUPULOUS MEN WERE GRABBING FOR WEALTH AND POWER WITH NO HOLDS BARRED. SUCH A PLACE WAS ARIZONA CITY WHEN YOUNG TEX GRANGER RODE IN, FOLLOWING HIS PROFESSION OF COWPUNCHER.



HOWDY, STRANGER, MY NAME'S TEX, GRANGER. WHO DO I SEE AROUND HERE IF I'M LOOKING FOR A JOB?

A JOB, EH? YOU MUST BE PRETTY NEW AROUND HERE, ELSE YOU WOULDN'T BE ASKING THAT QUESTION...

EVERYBODY IN THESE PARTS WORKS FOR LUKE CONWAY, BAR-Z. ME TOO. EVERYBODY EXCEPT THOSE THAT WORK THEIR OWN RANCHES, THAT IS. RECKON THEY'LL BE WORKIN' FOR LUKE SOON TOO.



NOBODY ELSE BUT LUKE'LL
HIRE YOU. I'M JIM COLLINS.
LOOK ME UP IF I CAN
HELP YOU.

THANKS FOR
THE ADVICE.



LATER, IN ARIZONA CITY...

SOUNDS AS IF THIS LUKE
CONWAY'S GOT FOLKS
PRETTY MUCH BUFFALOED
AROUND HERE. WONDER HOW
HE DOES IT...



ANYBODY HERE HIRING
PUNCHERS BESIDE LUKE
CONWAY?



NOBODY'S FOOL ENOUGH
FOR THAT, SON. IT'S
BEEN TRIED.

WHAT'S THE MATTER, YOU ALL
SCARED OF THIS CONWAY?
DIDN'T EXPECT TO FIND
CHICKEN-LIVERED RANCHMEN
OUT HERE!



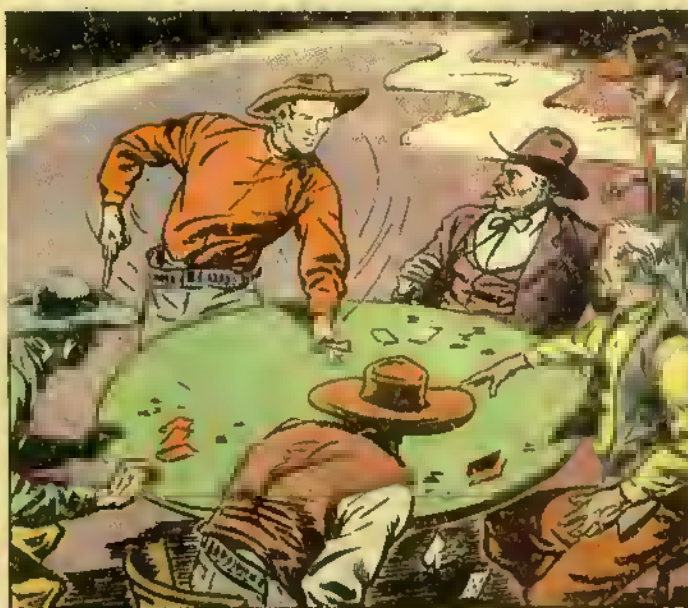
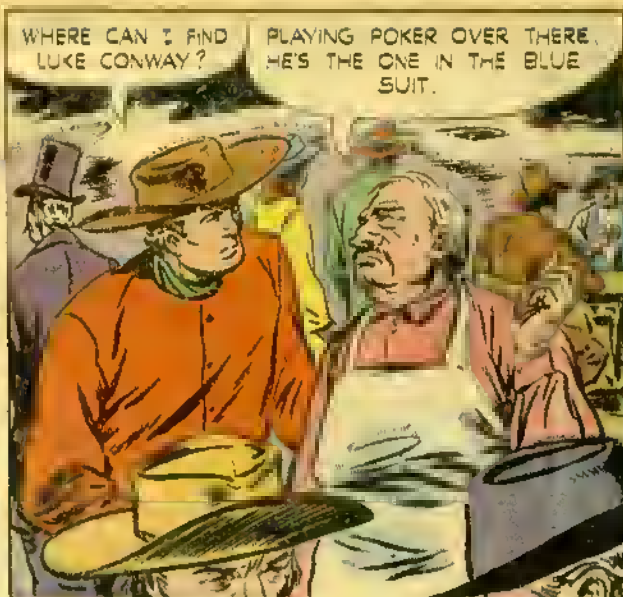
CUT THAT TALK,
STRANGER! IF YOU
DON'T LIKE US
HERE, MOVE
ON.

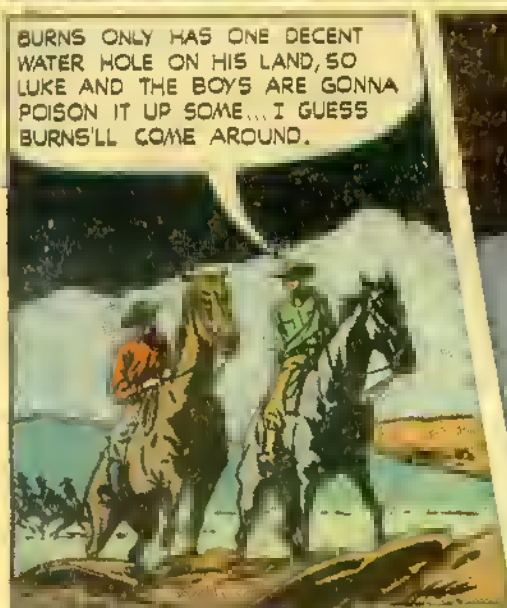
I'M A STRANGER HERE, BUT WHERE
I COME FROM WE LEARN HOW TO
HANDLE COLTS TOO. KEEP YOUR
HAND AWAY FROM THAT
HOLSTER...



I'M LOOKING FOR A JOB
RIGHT NOW, NOT A GUN
FIGHT. GUESS I'LL FIND
CONWAY MYSELF.









LET'S GO!

HEADIN' RIGHT INTO TROUBLE TOO... JIM COLLINS, YOU'RE CRAZY!

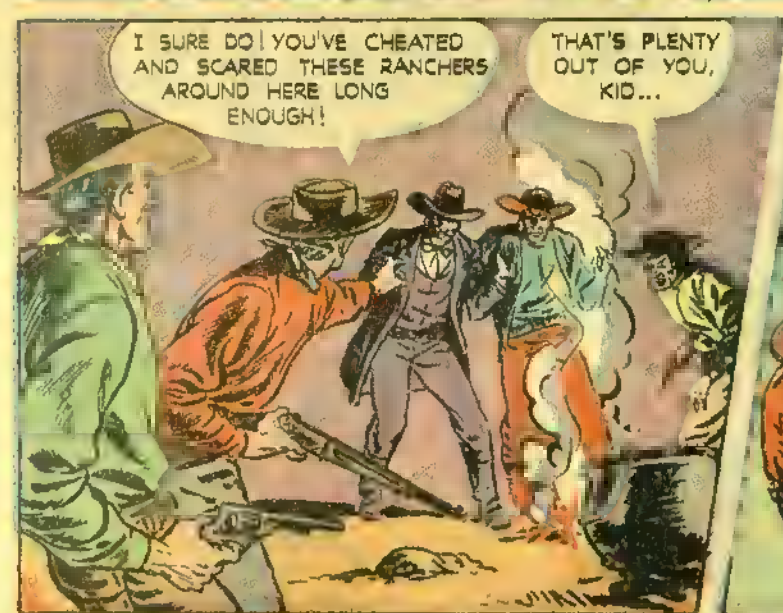


LUXE'S ONLY GOT TWO OF HIS BOYS WITH HIM, KID, BUT THEY'RE BOTH KILLERS...



ALL RIGHT, CONWAY, DROP THAT! AND TELL YOUR MEN TO QUIT MIXING THAT POISON, QUICK!

WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT, KID? YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING!



I SURE DO! YOU'VE CHEATED AND SCARED THESE RANCHERS AROUND HERE LONG ENOUGH!

THAT'S PLENTY OUT OF YOU, KID...



LUKE CONWAY MAKES HIS PLAY!

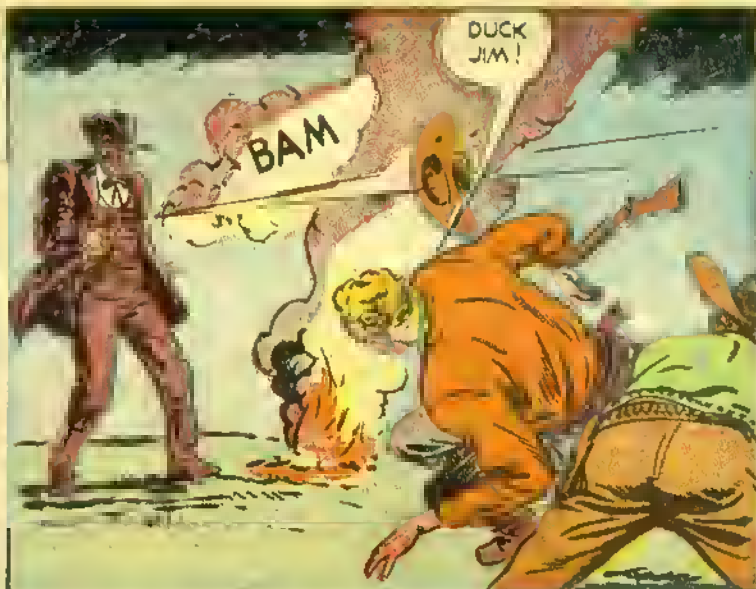
UGGH!
MY
WRIST!

YOU ASKED FOR
IT, KID!



DUCK
JIM!

BAM

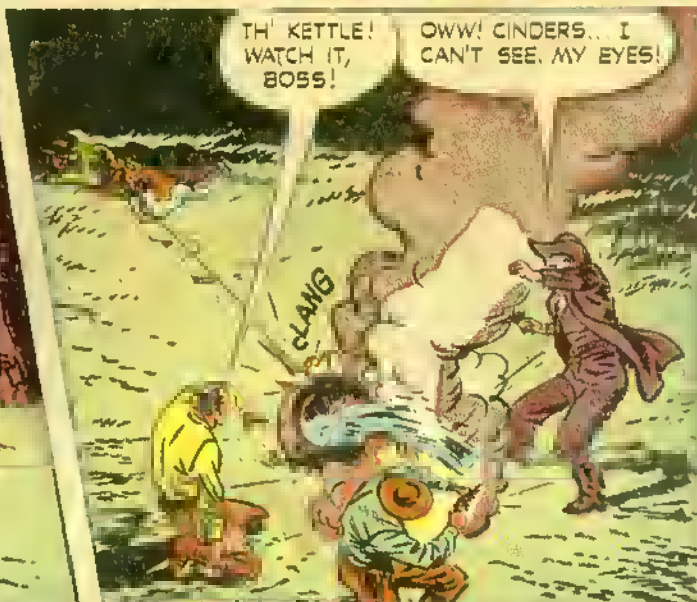


GOT TO KILL TWO BIRDS WITH ONE
STONE! IF I CAN HIT THAT KETTLE
AT JUST THE RIGHT ANGLE...



TH' KETTLE!
WATCH IT,
BOSS!

OWW! CINDERS... I
CAN'T SEE. MY EYES!



ALL RIGHT, CONWAY.
NOW COLLECT YOUR
CREW AND GET
MOVING, PRONTO!

YOU WIN THIS TIME,
GRANGER. BUT DON'T
THINK LUKE CONWAY'S
GOIN' TO FORGET
THIS.



WHEW! TEX
THERE'S TROUBLE
A-COMING—
PLENTY OF
IT!

THAT SUITS ME
FINE! IF WE CAN
GET SOME OF
THESE SCARED
RANCHERS TO JOIN
US, WE'LL GIVE
CONWAY A RUN
FOR HIS MONEY!

BUT CAN
TEX AND
JIM UNITE
ARIZONA
CITY'S
RANCHERS
AGAINST
THE RUTHLESS
RULE OF
LUKE
CONWAY?
DON'T
MISS THE
NEXT
EXCITING
INSTALLMENT
OF TEX
GRANGER.



13 RUE MADELEINE

ADAPTED FROM THE
MOTION PICTURE, STARRING
JAMES CAGNEY AS *Bob Sharkey*

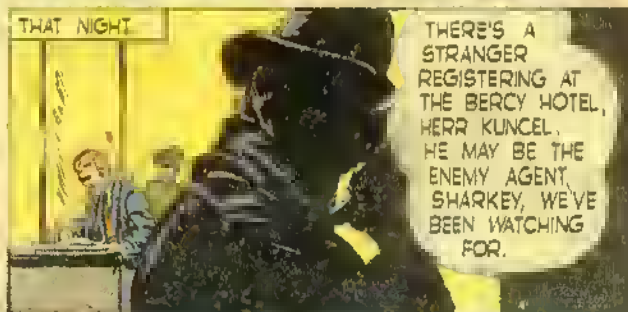


PARACHUTING INTO NAZI-HELD FRANCE, JUST BEFORE D-DAY, OSS AGENT BOB SHARKEY KNEW THAT DEATH LURKED AROUND EVERY CORNER. HIS MISSION: TO GET THE PLANS OF A HUGE, SECRET AMMUNITION DUMP FROM COLLABORATOR DUCLOIS AND TO BRING DUCLOIS BACK TO LIFE!

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TWENTIETH CENTURY-
FOX FILM CORPORATION



I'LL BURY THIS PARACHUTE... THEN HEAD FOR LE HAVRE... AND THE HOTEL WHERE I CAN CONTACT THE UNDERGROUND!



THAT NIGHT

THERE'S A STRANGER REGISTERING AT THE BERCY HOTEL, HERR KUNCLE. HE MAY BE THE ENEMY AGENT SHARKEY, WE'VE BEEN WATCHING FOR.

AT NAZI HEADQUARTERS - ON THE OTHER END OF THE WIRE...

KUNCLE SPEAKING: JA, WE CAN'T TAKE ANY CHANCES. FOLLOW HIM CLOSELY AND GIVE ME A COMPLETE REPORT OF HIS MOVEMENTS. HE MAY BE THE MAN.



SHARKEY CONTACTS THE UNDERGROUND.

YOU'RE THE MAYOR? A LAMB IS READY FOR THE SLAUGHTER...

THE PASSWORD! COME WITH ME WHERE WE CAN TALK ALONE.



A FEW MINUTES LATER...

M'SIEU LE MAYOR, THE COLLABORATOR DUCLOIS IS THE KEY TO THE SITUATION. HE KNOWS WHERE THE AMMO DUMP IS—AND THE DUMP MUST BE DESTROYED AS PART OF INVASION PLANS!

ZUT ALORS! HOW CAN WE GET TO DUCLOIS? HE IS HEAVILY GUARDED BY THE NAZIS AT THE MODERNE HOTEL.



YOU SAID THE MAQUIS ARE WITH US? GOOD. THEN HERE'S MY PLAN! THE MAQUIS WILL MAKE A DECOY ATTACK...YOU WILL PHONE KUNCLE...



THE NEXT DAY...



HERR KUNCLE! QUICK! SEND REINFORCEMENTS, THE MAQUIS ARE RAIDING US!



TAKING ADVANTAGE OF THE MAQUIS' DECOY RAID, SHARKEY CAPTURES DUCLOIS AT THE MODERNE HOTEL.

WE'VE GOT YOU NOW, DUCLOIS! A PLANE IS WAITING AT THE AIRPORT TO TAKE YOU TO LONDON.



FIVE MINUTES LATER KUNCLE ARRIVES.

THE AMERICAN
AGENT HAS
ESCAPED WITH
DUCLOIS. THEY'RE
GOING TO THE
AIRFIELD!

DUMMKOPFS! WE
MUST CATCH
THEM WHILE THERE
IS STILL TIME!
QUICK, MY CAR IS
OUTSIDE.

THERE THEY ARE UP
AHEAD! FASTER, DRIVER!
WE MUST GET
SHARKEY!

AT THE AIRFIELD.

YOU'LL HAVE TO
ESCORT DUCLOIS TO
LONDON, M'SIEU LE
MAYOR. HURRY...I'LL
TRY TO HOLD THE
NAZIS OFF!

GOOD LUCK
...SHARKEY!

TOO LATE! BUT NOT
TOO LATE TO GET
THE OSS MAN! HE
HAS INFORMATION
WE CAN USE!

UNFORTUNATE THAT
YOUR GUN SHOULD
JAM! COME WITH
ME, AMERIKANER.
I WANT TO HAVE A
LONG TALK WITH
YOU...MISTER
SHARKEY!

ONE DOWN,
ONE TO
GO!

BANG

CLICK
CLICK

AT OSS HEADQUARTERS IN LONDON COLLABORATIONIST DUCLOIS IS QUESTIONED.

LET ME GET THIS STRAIGHT, DUCLOIS... 13 RUE MADELEINE IS BOTH

MAIS OUI! THAT IS EXACTLY RIGHT, M'SIEUR LE COLONEL.

NAZI HEADQUARTERS AND WHERE THE AMMUNITION DUMP IS HIDDEN?



HERE'S DUCLOIS' MAP OF LE HAVRE. HAVE IT ENLARGED AND PLAN YOUR ATTACK, CAPTAIN—IMMEDIATELY. THERE'S NO TIME TO LOSE.

YES, SIR!



HERE IS YOUR OBJECTIVE... 13 RUE MADELEINE. YOUR ORDERS ARE TO BOMB THIS TARGET... TO COMPLETELY DESTROY IT... NO ONE MUST ESCAPE!



GOOD LUCK, GUYS! THIS IS NO MILK RUN!



BACK IN NAZI HEADQUARTERS IN LE HAVRE...

ARE YOU GOING TO TALK, SHARKEY... OR WILL WE HAVE TO PERSUADE YOU? NOW, WHERE IS THE INVASION COMING... FROM HOLLAND OR THROUGH FRANCE?

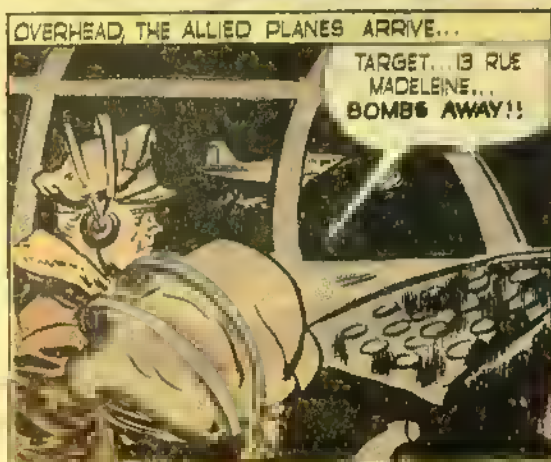
I'M JUST SMALL POTATOES, KUNCLE. I WOULDN'T KNOW THE ANSWER TO A QUESTION LIKE THAT!



YOU KNOW! TALK OR ELSE!

ALL RIGHT, YOU WIN, KUNCLE! LET ME SHOW YOU!





Suicide Run

The meet seemed lost for Rider Academy, as Andy Lorimer steeled himself for the most dangerous leap of his career!

By DONOVAN FITZPATRICK



THE mountain thrust its towering bulk up into the steel-blue sky. Cold and lonely-looking, its dark forest growth was broken here and there by great patches of snow that sparkled in the February sun.

But in the skier's clubhouse at the foot of the mountain there was warmth and color and activity. Hickory logs blazed in the huge stone fireplace, and the big, raftered room resounded with excited talk and the clump of heavy ski boots.

This was the last day of Winter Carnival—and the day of the race down Sulclde Run. Boys in bright ski sweaters and parkas were gathered in animated groups—arguing, laughing, hoping. Some wore jackets with the winged "R" of Rider Academy; others sported the emblem of Danforth Prep. The two schools were traditional rivals in all sports, but especially in skiing—for this was New England country, and skiing was king in the winter months.

Sitting on a bench by the fireplace, Andy Lorimer of Rider Academy balanced a steel-edged ski across his knees and adjusted the cable binding a fraction of an inch.

"I think you're just imagining things, Ray," he said slowly. "The only way he'll win this race is to get down that mountain faster than I do. Which he won't—I hope!"

Dark-haired Ray Fein leaned forward, his thin face serious. "Andy, you know Monk Evans as well as I do. If there's any way he, or his pal Shadow Loomis, can pull a dirty trick, or take an unfair advantage, you can bet they'll try it."

Andy grinned, feeling his chin. "I think my teeth are still loose from the knee he gave me in football last fall. But I can't see how he can pull anything underhanded in a downhill race."

Ray gently massaged his bandaged ankle. "Maybe not, but I'm going to keep my eyes open. Monk and Shadow have been in a huddle all morning, like a couple of spies. And Monk seems pretty sure of himself—too sure, considering the fact that you beat him by a good 20 seconds last year."

"Well, I'd better finish this wax job, or I'll have to win on bare boards." Andy took a tube of klister from his kit and began to spread the wax with the heel of his hand. As he worked on the skis, he glanced at the big silver cup that stood on the mantel over the fireplace. The coveted Snowbird Trophy—held by the school amassing the most points in the skating and skiing competition during the three days of Winter Carnival. Two years ago Danforth had captured the cup; last year Rider had been the victor. And this year's competition was the acid test; for the winning school would retain permanent possession of the Snowbird.

And it's up to me, Andy thought. It's up to me to keep the Snowbird here at Rider Academy. Actually, the race had narrowed down to a contest between Andy Lorimer and Monk Evans of Danforth, for they were easily the two best skiers. And with only the downhill race to go, both schools were evenly matched in points—Rider 74; Danforth 73. First place in the downhill counted 10 points; second and third totaled 8 points. Which means, Andy reflected, that whichever school takes first place wins the competition—and the Snowbird.

A voice, heavy with sarcasm, interrupted his musing. "That's right, Lorimer. Take a good look at the Snowbird. Because if you want to see it after today, it will be in the Danforth trophy room."

Andy glanced up to see Monk Evans leaning nonchalantly against the wall. There was a broad smirk on his face.

"You sound pretty confident, Monk," Andy said quietly. "But I plan on skiing just as fast this afternoon as I did last year—remember?"

Monk's face darkened, then he gave a short laugh. "You never can tell, Lorimer. Suicide Run's a tough course. Can't tell what might happen on a two-mile run."

Ray spoke up quickly: "Have you anything particular in mind, Monk?"

"Well, if it isn't the fancy figure skater," Monk said sarcastically. "Too bad you twisted your ankle. Very sad indeed."

"But not before I won first prize," Ray retorted, and added, "By the way, where's Shadow? I haven't seen him around this afternoon."

For a moment Monk looked startled. "Why—uh—he's around somewhere," Monk stammered.

Just then the whistle sounded to announce that the bus was outside to take the skiers to the top of the mountain.

There was a general movement toward the door. "See what I mean?" Ray muttered, as Monk walked away. "Shadow usually sticks to Monk like adhesive tape. I'm going to scout around and see if I can locate him. Good luck, fellow. And watch yourself." He limped out the door.

Andy gathered up his skis and poles and went outside to the bus. Eric Knudson, the Rider ski coach, came up to Andy, his blond hair gleaming in the sun.

"I guess you know the score, Andy," the coach said. "We need first place or nothing."

Andy nodded. Coach Knudson shook hands. "Good luck, boy. I know you'll do your best. But don't take any foolish chances. I'd rather have you cross the finish line in one piece than to have a dozen trophies."

Andy climbed in the bus, stacked his skis in the rack, and took a seat near the front. He could hear Monk Evans' loud voice in the rear, telling all who would listen that he could win this race "on one ski."

As the bus slowly crept along the narrow, drift-lined road that wound up the mountain, Andy sunk deep in his seat, a worried frown creasing his forehead. He was beginning to share Ray's suspicions. Monk was too cocky; something was up. Had he found a new trail down the mountain? There were several trails, and the rules of the competition stated that a skier could use any one he wished. No, that was impossible. Suicide Run was by far the fastest, and everyone would use that.

Suddenly Andy sat bolt upright in his seat. The ravine! Was that it?

About two-thirds of the way down the mountain, Suicide Run swerved sharply to the right to avoid a ravine that ran like a huge trench for almost a mile. The ravine dropped off sheer for twenty feet, like a step, and the skier who was foolish enough to attempt a jump would have to clear a hundred feet of jagged boulders and scrub

pine. No, Andy decided. Jumping the ~~racine~~ would probably cut a half-minute from a skier's time, but that was a jump for an expert. No, Monk wouldn't try that.

Finally the bus reached the end of the road. The skiers pited out, and carrying their equipment, climbed through the deep snow the last hundred yards to the small clearing at the very top of the mountain.

The officials had already set up the electrical timing equipment that connected to the finish line below. A strong wind swept across the unprotected clearing, and Andy hoped the race would begin soon. As if in answer to his wish, the starter announced that the race would begin in five minutes.

The contestants began putting on their skis and warming up. Andy inspected his bindings and tied the laces of his boots. The skiers were to be sent off at 30 second intervals. Andy was to run third—a good position, he knew, for too many skiers ahead of him would chop up the run into difficult and dangerous ruts.

Monk Evans was to follow Andy, in fourth position. Andy watched Monk, who was doing deep knee bends to limber up, and decided that his suspicions had been groundless. There was no way that Monk could beat him except by skiing faster. Shadow, Andy noted absently, was not among the few spectators gathered to see the take-off. He wondered if Ray had located him.

The gun sounded for the first man, and Andy gave his full attention to the business at hand. The race down Suicide Run had begun!

"Bertoli up. Lorimer on deck," the starter announced. Andy wiped his goggles and settled them firmly over his eyes. Bertoli, a Danforth skier, took off, and the starter said: "Lorimer up. Evans on deck." The gun cracked again; a couple of shuffling steps took Andy to the edge of the flat and he was off, dropping down the mountain. He cut sharply between the red flags and was on Suicide Run, picking up speed through the woods.

This is it, thought Andy grimly. Two miles to go . . . two mites of steep and dangerous trail. Suicide Run curled down the mountain like a snake, curving and twisting around trees and boulders and drop-offs—sometimes as wide as a road, again so narrow that a single skier had barely enough room to maneuver. And now Andy was in full flight. He leaned in a slight crouch, back straight and knees loose, and the slender, steely-edged skis became a part of him. His weight balanced easily on the balls of his feet, he felt confident and sure. Gone now were all thoughts of Monk Evans, of the Snowbird Trophy—all his senses were concentrated on the trail that unwound before him.

The trail began to narrow, and he shifted his weight slightly to take the sharp curve that came rushing up. At full speed Andy roared around the

turn in a graceful Christie, snow flying like spray from his skis. He didn't see the crumpled figure until he was almost on top of it. Lying face down in the snow, it blocked the trail completely. There was no room to swing around. In a split second Andy dug his poles in the snow and cleared the figure by a foot. Even as he hit the ground he was braking to a stop.

He was a hundred feet down the trail before he could turn around. As he laboriously her-ringboned up the steep slope, his mind was racing. He knew this was the end of the race for him. The time lost could never be made up. There flashed through his mind a picture of the Snowbird. . . . But there was no hesitation, no regret. He knew he had to help the injured skier—it must be Tony Bertoli—and also to get him off the trail before the next man came whipping around the bend. And the next skier, Andy thought wryly, was Monk Evans. A strange trick of Fate that he, Andy, would make it possible for Monk to win the race. And Monk would win now; that was certain.

The figure was motionless, half covered with snow. As Andy climbed the last few feet he wondered if he were badly hurt—or

worse. It was dark in the deep woods, and as he bent over the figure, Andy pushed his goggles up on his forehead. "Tony," Andy said, and took hold of an arm to turn him over.

Tricked! Andy straightened up, a dult flush spreading over his face. A dummy! The fallen skier was a bundle of rags, stuffed into a ski pants and jacket. The partial covering of snow and the gloom of the woods had fooled him completely.

He picked up the bundle. A cry of "track" made him step to the side, and he looked up to see Monk careening around the bend. Monk was crouched low, going at full speed, and as he zipped past, Andy could hear his shrill laughter.

A wild, unreasoning anger flared up in Andy. He knew the race was lost, yet he could only think of that grinning face and mocking laughter. Almost automatically, he threw the dummy into the brush, swung around, and took off down the trail after Monk.

"A dirty trick," he grated. And a clever one. The dummy there on the trail, just around the bend, solid enough to spilt a skier and put him out of the race. Actually, the trick had almost failed by his jumping the dummy, but his going back had slowed him up enough anyhow.

Monk was a hundred yards ahead. Andy was gaining on him, but even as he tried for greater speed, he knew it was hopeless. The delay must have cost him a good thirty seconds. And worse, there was nothing he could do about it now. What could he prove? It was all clear—Shadow had placed the dummy on the trail, and was probably even now taking it away to hide somewhere. Monk would deny everything, insist that Andy

Look for Western Clothes (Pg. 38) at these stores

Akron, O.	Polak
Baltimore, Md.	O'Neill's
Bale, Idaho	C. C. Anderson
Boston, Mass.	Hovey's
Boston, Mass.	Jordan Marsh
Burling, Pa.	Trounman's
Cincinnati, O.	Rollman's
Columbus, O.	Morehouse-Meriana
Dallas, Texas	Tilche-Gostinger
Dayton, Wash.	Edwards
Dubois, Pa.	Trounman's
Evans, Wash.	Humbach McLean
Grand Rapids, Mich.	Hatchel-Hillier's
Great Falls, Mont.	The Paris Co.
Greensboro, N. C.	Meyer's
Greensburg, Pa.	Trounman's
Harrisburg, Pa.	Pomeroy's
Jackson, Mich.	Field's
Kansas City, Mo.	Pack's
Lake Charles, La.	Muller's
Lubbock, Pa.	Head's
Lubaton, Pa.	The Bon Ton
Lowell, Mass.	Bon Marche
Lynchburg, Va.	Guggenheimer's
Maiden, Mass.	Joelina
Minneapolis, Minn.	Donaldson's
N. Y. C., Jamaica, N. Y.	Gertz
Pateron, N. J.	Quackenbush's
Pontiac, Mich.	Walt's
Reading, Va.	Pomeroy's
San Antonio, Texas	Jack's of Texas
Savannah, Ga.	B. H. Levy's
Seattle, Wash.	Bon Marche
Springfield, Mo.	Haer's
St. Paul, Minn.	The Golden Rule
Syracuse, N. Y.	Doy's
Tacoma, Wash.	Fisher Co.
Tampa, Fla.	Meas Bros.
Waterloo, Iowa	Black's
Wilkes-Barre, Pa.	Pomeroy's
Yakima, Wash.	Barnes-Woodlin

made up the entire story, and brand him as a poor sport. Without witness or evidence, his word was as good as Andy's.

Ahead of him was the long, straight run that led to the ravine, and Andy could see Monk slowing up. This was the one curve where skiers had to put on the brakes—missing the curve would mean heading into the ravine and a landing on the rocks below.

Monk disappeared around the bend in a careful stem turn, and Andy knew that he, too, should be starting to slow down. He was travelling fast—too fast to make the right-angle turn—yet he was trying to increase his speed. And suddenly Andy knew that he was not going to turn. Almost as if he were a spectator watching another skier, he knew that he was going to jump the ravine—leap out over that chasm, over the rocks and trees, and stretch for the clear space on the other side.

Vaguely he knew that it was a desperate, foolhardy thing to do, but he seemed, in his anger, powerless to stop himself. As he plunged down the steep trail he pulled off his goggles, tossed away his poles. The wind stung his eyes and his lips moved slightly, and then he was roaring down the last few feet in front of the ravine.

Straight out into the air he flew, the ground dropping away beneath him. Below, the valley was a panorama of lights and shadows, and in the distance he could see the clubhouse, the people crowded around the finish line looking like pygmies. He leaned forward, legs straight, arms windmilling to keep his balance. Down he dropped like a plummeting bird, and the jagged rocks came rushing up, their black shapes thrusting out of the snow like crocodiles thirsting for a victim.

For a long moment he seemed headed straight for a boulder; there was a sharp metallic click as the tail of his ski nicked the rock, and he struck the hard-packed snow with a sudden bump. He staggered, fought to regain his balance, and then he was clipping across the flat, under control again.

He shot through a growth of pines and came out on Suicide Run, and suddenly he knew he had a chance to win. His knees felt like spaghetti, but he took the remainder of the run at full tilt, swung into the last turn and broke the timing wire at the finish line.

He stem-turned to a stop, removed his skis, and walked unsteadily to the clubhouse steps and sat down, his whole body trembling.

The last of the skiers had just come in, and the crowd was waiting for the official to announce the results.

"First place in the downhill race—time: 4 minutes, 16 seconds. Lorimer, Rider Academy."

The Rider bunch went wild—whistles, yells, shouting. A group gathered around Andy, congratulating him, pounding him on the back. Danforth sent up a feeble yell when the judge announced: Second place—time: 4 minutes, 22 seconds. Evans, Danforth Prep.

The crowd began to stream into the clubhouse, and Andy stretched out on a bench in front of the fireplace. He felt as if he could sleep for a week. Suddenly the noise and tumult died abruptly, and Andy opened his eyes to see a strange procession coming in the door. Ray Fein, a limp dummy in his arms and a red bruise on his cheek, led the way, followed by Shadow Loomis, holding a handkerchief to a beautiful black eye. Next came Monk Evans, and then the coaches of both schools. The group went into Coach Knudson's office and the door swung shut.

Andy sat up on the bench. Something was evidently going on! Students and contestants from both Rider and Danforth gathered around him curiously.

"What's going to happen, Andy?" they chorused. "Where'd Shadow get the shiner?"

Andy shook his head. "I don't know," he said slowly. "Let's wait and see."

Five minutes later the door opened and the group emerged. Monk and Shadow slunk out of the clubhouse. Coach Knudson held up his hand for silence and said: "I want to announce that there is a change in the results of the race. The winner of second place has been disqualified . . . second place goes to Tony Bertoli, of Danforth. That's all I have to say at this time."

A little later Andy, Ray, and Coach Knudson were alone in the clubhouse. Coach Knudson was saying: "I saw the jump, Andy. I was at the upper window, with binoculars, and when you leaped out over that ravine I aged twenty years. It was a terrible chance to take."

"I didn't think of it at the time," Andy said. "All I could think of was beating Monk and winning the Snowbird Trophy, in spite of his trickery."

"And to win the Snowbird," cracked Ray, "you almost became a Dead Duck."

THE END.



"The man next door came in and said I don't have to practise any more!"

HECTOR

HELP! HELP!
DO SOMETHING,
HECTOR!

I'D SHOOT HIM, NANCY,
BUT I HAVEN'T GOT ANY
FILM LEFT.

THERE'S NEVER BEEN A FELLOW LIKE
HECTOR HIBBLE FOR GETTING IN HOT
WATER! READ WHAT HAPPENS WHEN
HECTOR PLUNGES INTO THE BIG PHOTO
CONTEST—AND HIS GIRL FRIEND NANCY
PLUNGES INTO THE LAKE!

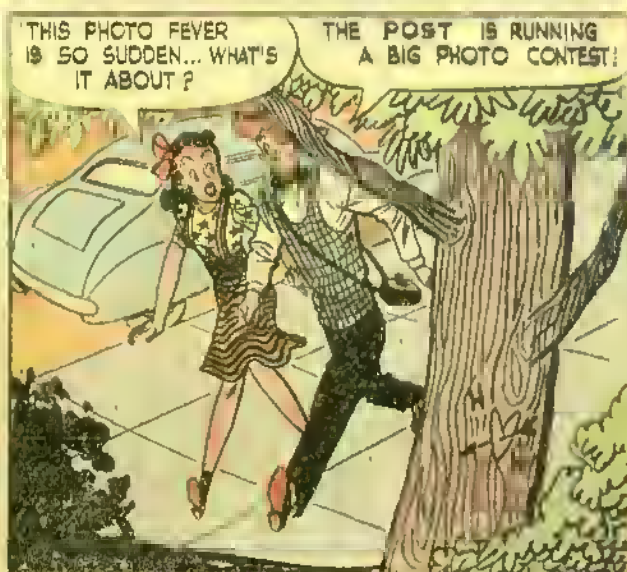
ONE MORNING, AS NANCY COMBS HER HAIR...

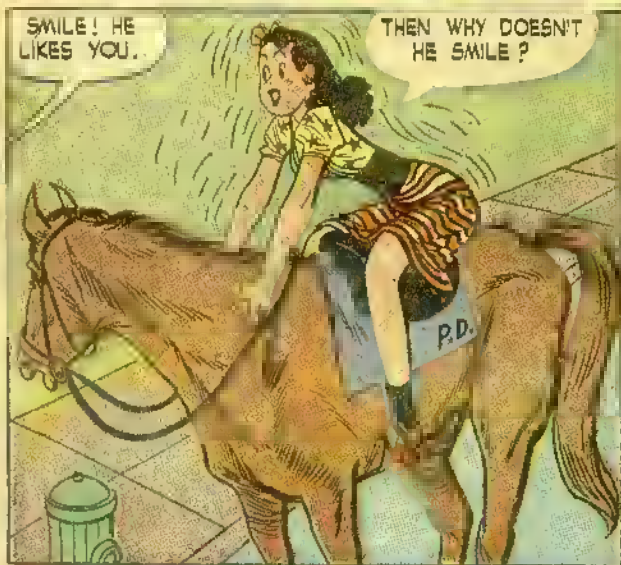
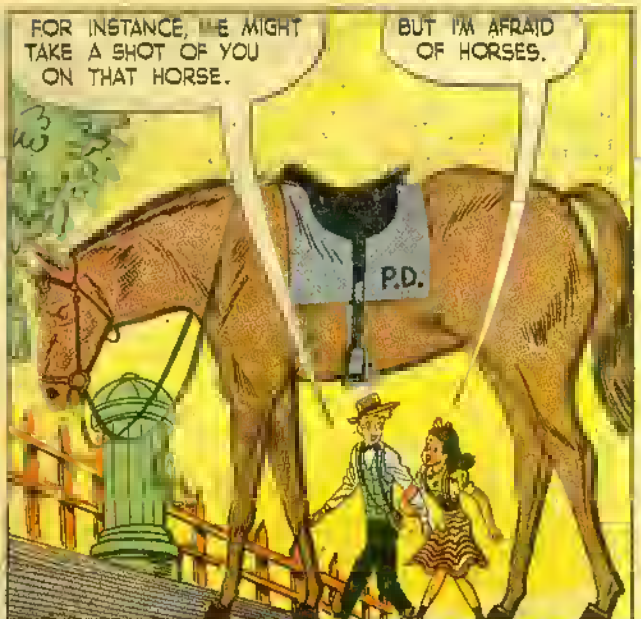
HEY, NANCY!
TAKE A BOW!

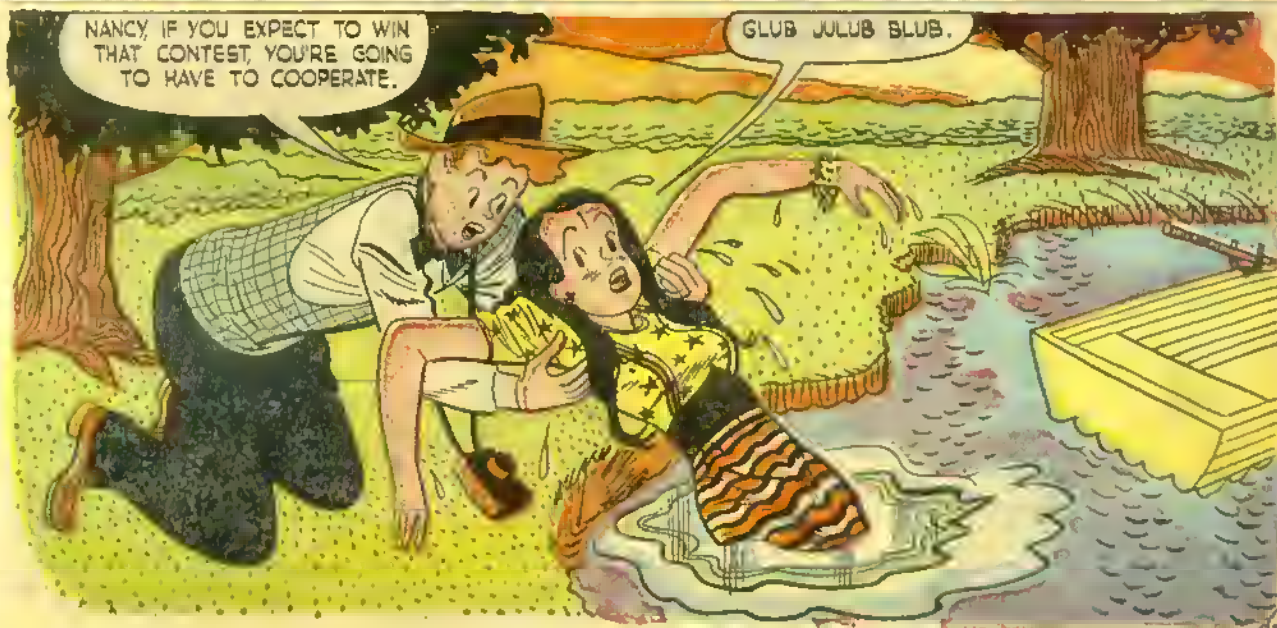
I'LL BE DOWN IN A
FEW MINUTES, ROMEO.

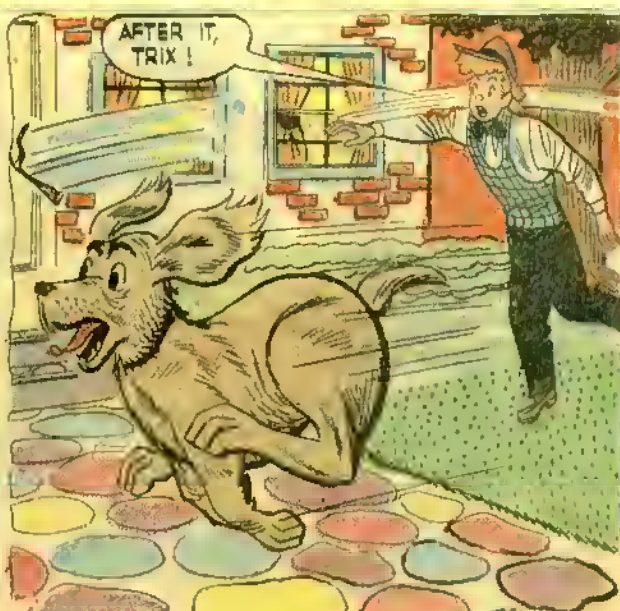
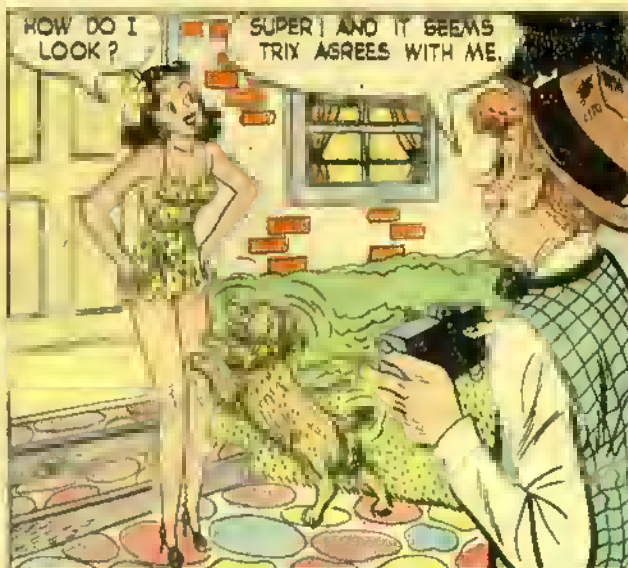
AH! A PERFECT
PICTURE!

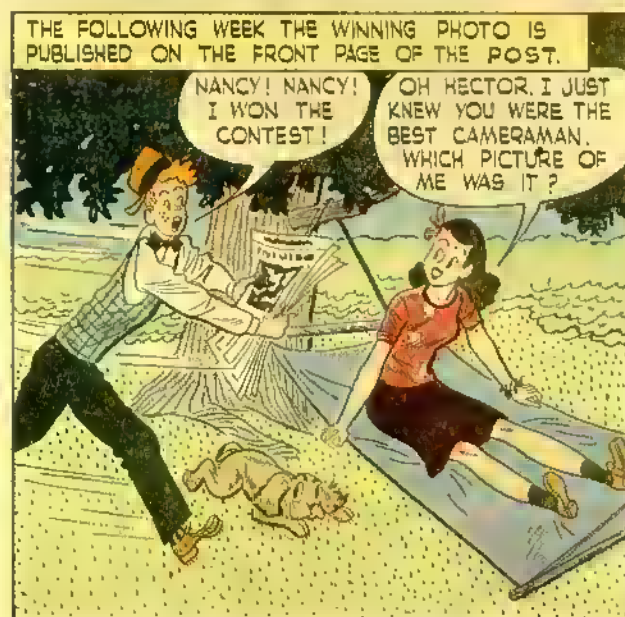
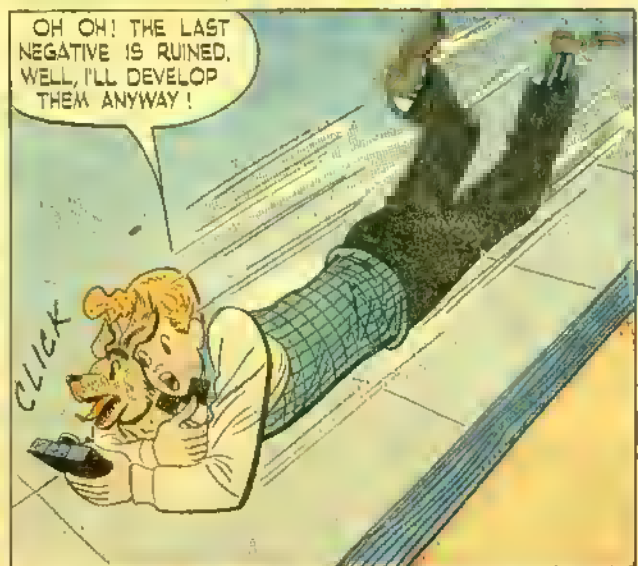
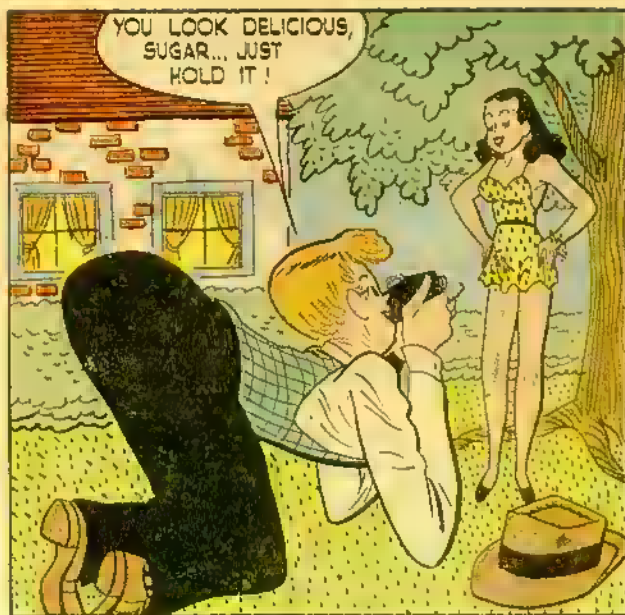
CLICK!













By NAT HOLMAN

BASKETBALL is the most popular sport in America today! From high school to college and on up through the professional leagues, the hoop game annually draws bigger crowds than any other sport.

Why? Because basketball is a game of fast-moving competition, exciting plays, smooth-working teamwork and outstanding individual stars. And the best thing about it is that it isn't just a sport for the player of varsity caliber! You can play, and enjoy it, at any age, whether you're a midget or a beanpole—just so you've got a couple of pals, a ball and something to throw it through.

When boys ask me what the most important attributes for a good basketball player are, I tell them: There are no miracle players or teams! It's teamwork and practice that make winning combinations. Every move you make on the court should be for the good of the whole team.

Competitive spirit is essential. The team with fight will out-run, out-jump and out-score the other team! Alertness is another important quality in basketball. You've got to have a thousand eyes and keep every one of them working. A good, alert player can often intercept the other team's ball and break up their offense. I'll never forget one of my boys, Red Holzman, who helped defeat a great N. Y. U. team with his constant interceptions. And I don't think N. Y. U. will ever forget him, either!

Now let's get to work on details. Three phases of basketball that I consider vitally important are guarding, rebound work and passing, so let's hold a little clinic on them.

GUARD 'EM CLOSE!

First, one of the most important phases of guarding is to stay the proper distance from your rival. Three feet is just about right. If you're any closer he can dodge around you, and if you're any further away, he's too free to move and shoot.

Always keep your hands wide and be ready to shift fast to either side. If the man you're guarding has the ball, keep one hand to the side and the other high in front of him. Whenever possible, try

Coach's

Guarding, rebound play and passing! These are three of the most important skills in basketball, says Nat Holman, star of the "Original Celtics" and a top college coach. Let Coach Holman, whose City College teams have won 308 games and lost 111 in 28 years, give you his personal lowdown on what makes a basketball player tick!

to "box him out," or be on a line directly between him and the basket.

Alertness, which I mentioned before, is especially important in guarding. Always be on the lookout for a chance to steal the ball, and, if necessary, to switch to another man. If you're near the basket when a shot is attempted, leave your player and drive in for the rebound. If you're guarding a man who is a distance from the basket, *keep your eyes on him!* Otherwise, if you relax for a second, or turn away, he's liable to sprint in, take a pass and score!

While I am on the subject of guarding, let me mention briefly the two main types of defense team play: zone defense and man-to-man. The zone defense, like its name, implies that the court is divided into zones and each of the players has one of the areas to guard. It's especially useful when you're playing a tall team or one that relies on fast breaks and lay-up shots for scoring.

In a man-to-man defense, each player is assigned to guard a man on the opposite team. This is effective when your opponents are expert set shots, or against a shorter team.

POSSESSION PAYS OFF!

Always remember, you can't score unless your team has the ball. And the way to get it is to get the jump off the backboards. When you go in for a rebound, you should always leave your feet. Never just take the ball standing up. As soon as you grab it, *get rid of it!* If there is no teammate near you, take a fast bounce to your right or left, with your back to the other players, keeping the ball in close. Then pass it away.

As a rule, it's smart for a team to keep its taller players near the basket for rebound work. Big boys like Bob Kurland of Oklahoma and George Mikan of De Paul are mighty handy when it comes

Corner

to retrieving rebounds. But the success of such shorties as the famed pro, Barney Sedran and St. John's little Tommy Baer, indicate that you needn't be a giant to be a basketball top-notch. Fight and spirit are as important as height! Be aggressive and time your jump so that you've reached the top of your spring when the ball is coming down. To avoid fouls when you're going for rebounds, always play the ball—never the opposing player!

NOW YOU SEE IT, NOW YOU DON'T!

To my mind, the most exciting thing in basketball is good passing. When a team works the ball around smoothly with short, accurate passes, weaving in and out till they break a man loose for a shot, they're ace-high in my book.

As a general rule, my City College teams use five kinds of passes.

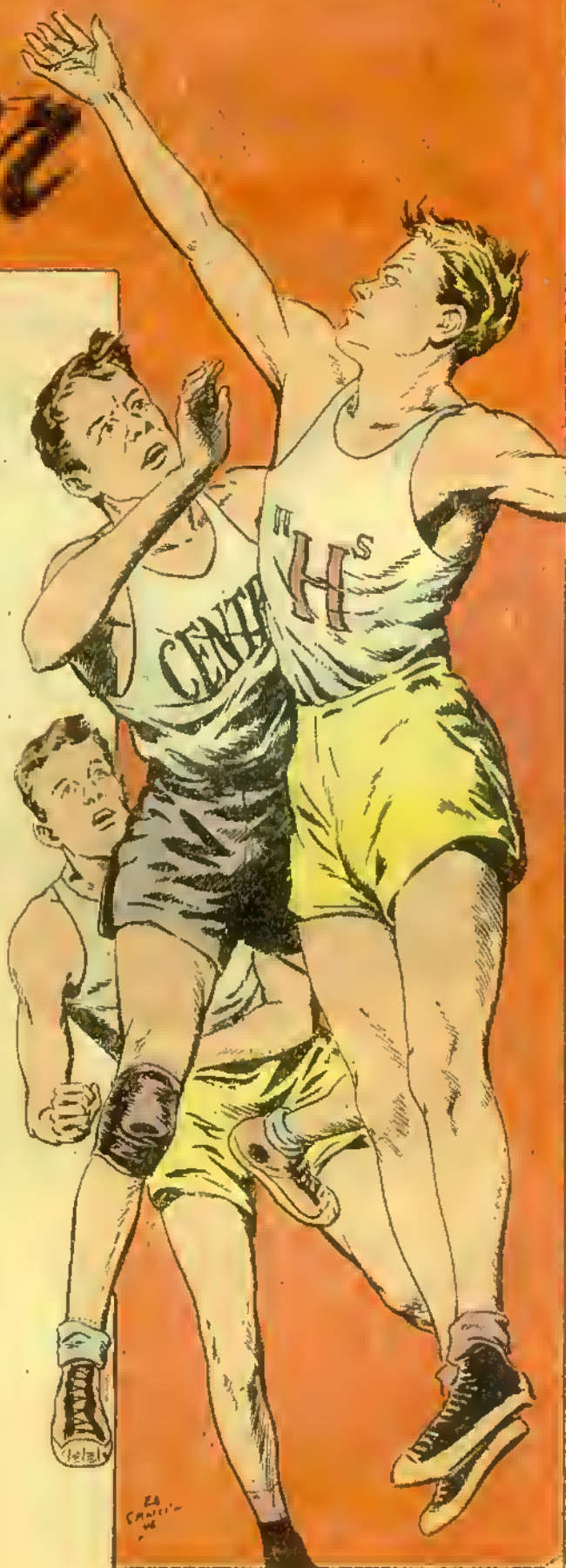
Most common is the *chest pass*, a fast, two-handed pass from the chest, which is used at close quarters. For a long throw down the court, I prefer the *baseball pass*, which is a one-handed overhead fling. When a player is closely guarded, the best way to get the ball to him is a *bounce pass* underneath the arms of the defensive man. This is a low, hard, one-handed pass, which bounces once before it reaches the receiver.

Two other good passes are the *over-shoulder*, which is a short pass over your shoulder to a player behind you, and the *two-handed overhead*, which you can use to get the ball away when guarded.

All of these passes must be practiced constantly, and you'll probably develop favorites among them. Remember, always be on the lookout for a pass coming your way, always try to be a play-maker, and keep moving with a purpose!

When a pass is intercepted, in many cases I blame the man whom it was thrown to, rather than the player who threw it. The reason for this is that it is up to each player to be constantly alert and not to be caught flatfooted by an unexpected pass. As I caution my boys, who play several games each year before huge crowds in New York's Madison Square Garden, "You are remembered by your mistakes!" It's human nature that the fans and cheering sections will remember one glaring error far more vividly than a whole game of steady, hard play. As an example in other sports, who will ever forget Mickey Owen's dropping the World Series third strike, or Roy Riegels' famed wrong-way run?

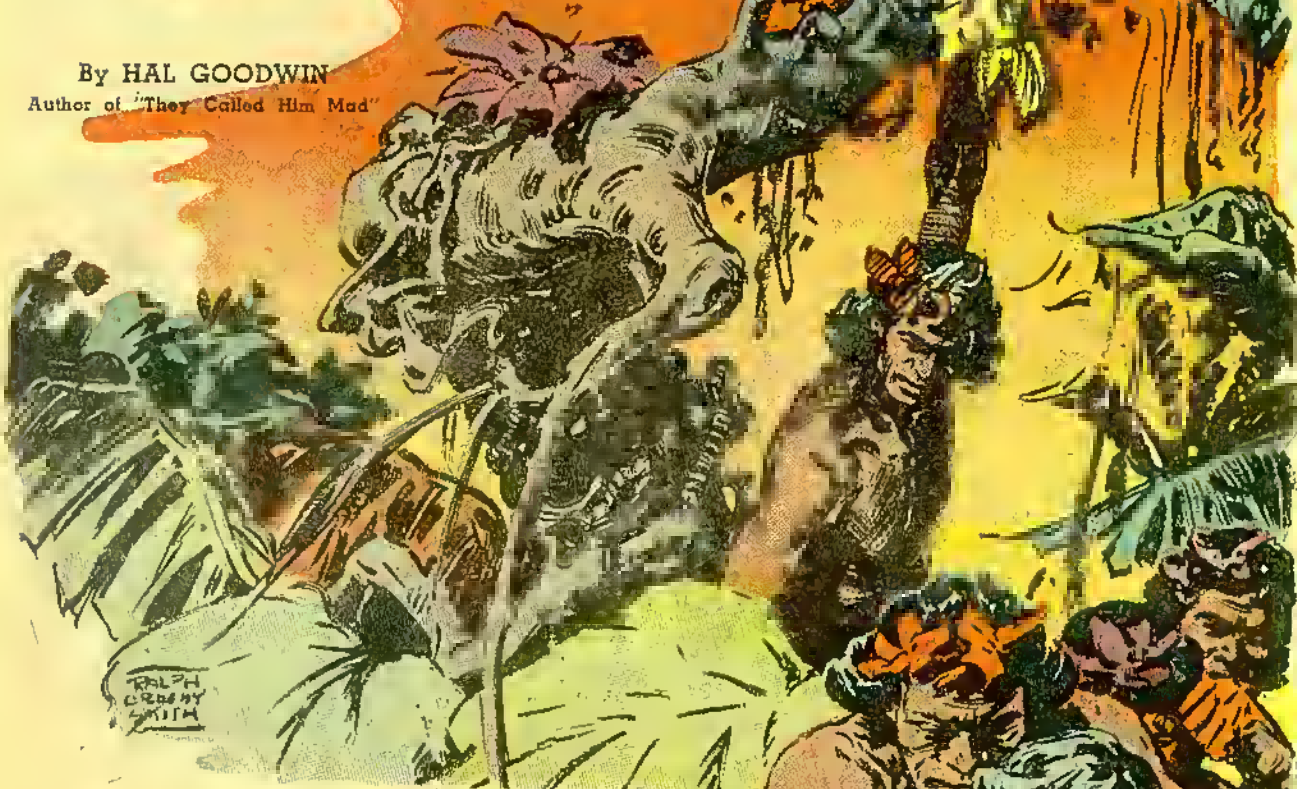
I hope that these hints I've given you will prove helpful. Good luck to you when you do get out there on the court, and I hope you make the team!



Sons of the Thunderer

By HAL GOODWIN

Author of "They Called Him Mad"



With the "Fair American" wrecked and her crew wiped out, was Jeff Quinton's Hawaiian trading voyage doomed to failure? He could only hope for a miracle!

THE STORY UP TO NOW:

CAPTAIN SIMON METCALFE, cruel master of the schooner *Eleonora*, has sailed for the Hawaiian Islands, in the year 1789, to bring back a cargo of sandalwood.

JEFF QUINTON, his young supercargo, deserts the ship, when METCALFE abuses the natives. JEFF makes a new friend.

KALANI, son of KAHEKILI, the Thunderer. Together, the two boys sail in a native canoe to Hawaii, to find TOM METCALFE, son of the *Eleonora's* captain, who is master of the tender, *Fair American*. But when they reach Hawaii, an old sailor, RIDLER, tells them that a native chief, KAMEEIAMOKU, has sworn vengeance on the white men, because of SIMON METCALFE'S brutal treatment. Then they find the *Fair American*, shattered on a reef, her captain and crew massacred by KAMEEIAMOKU . . . NOW FINISH THE LAST CHAPTER!



THE trail from Ridler's camp to the court of Kamehameha, wound along a lovely shore that led up to the towering bulk of the great volcano called Mauna Kea. But Jeff Quinton, following his Hawaiian guide, took no notice of the scenery.

It was a solitary hike, because the guide spoke no English. Kalani and Ridler had remained behind at the camp, while Isaac Davis, sole survivor of the *Fair American*, was already at Kamehameha's court.

Jeff had changed during the two hectic weeks of his stay in the Sandwich Isles. The bright sun had bleached his wheat-colored hair and browned his skin. The roll of the sea was gone from his stride.

Where his shoulders had once been held erect and proud, they now slumped a little, and his mouth turned down at the corners. Even his youthful optimism was gone. He had accepted Ridler's suggestion that he talk with Kamehameha, King of Hawaii, but he expected little from the interview.

The trading voyage that had left New York with such high hopes had reached a sorrowful end, misery and bloodshed in its wake. First, Simon Metcalfe had turned the *Eleonora's* carronades on the village, then followed it up with the massacre at Maloola.

And now Tom Metcalfe and the crew of the *Fair American* were dead at the hands of the chief

Kameciamoku, whom Simon Metcalfe had foolishly struck with a rope's end.

Jeff, Ridler and Kalani had buried the six men of the tender and sent Isaac Davis, the sole survivor, to the protection of Kamehameha. And even as Jeff had grieved for his friends, he knew that their deaths meant ruin for Quinton and Son as well as his own enforced stay on the island until some passing ship should take him back to civilization.

He sighed wistfully. The little schooner and Tom's help had meant so much! They could at least have made their way to the Western coast. He might even have persuaded Tom to pick up the load of sandalwood waiting on Kauai.

Ahead of Jeff, the Hawaiian guide stopped abruptly, head lifted as though he sensed danger. He lifted his spear and poised it, glancing from side to side. Jeff's hand went to his cutlass—one Ridler had given him.

But before he could draw it, they were smothered by brown bodies that came crashing from the trees overhead! Jeff saw his guide go down as a warrior landed squarely on his shoulders, smashing him to the ground.

For a moment the wind was knocked out of him, then he lashed out desperately with arms and legs, fighting the press of bodies that held him to the ground.

He felt a rope being wound around his feet and kicked out savagely. There was a yell of pain, but that was the only sound. He fought silently, hopelessly, unable to see what was happening because someone was lying full across his face. He opened his mouth and clamped his teeth shut on brown flesh. There was a muffled scream as the warrior on top of him rolled away, and Jeff had a swift impression of a club descending toward his head. There was a flash of brilliant light, then slow, swirling darkness.

He came back to consciousness like a man waking from sound sleep, opening his eyes to dim light and the sound of voices. For a moment he was quiet, eyeing the grass roof overhead. Where was he? And why? He and the guide had been neatly ambushed. But not, he thought with grim satisfaction, without putting up a fight.

He turned his head and saw two men seated on grass mats, their backs to him. White men! He cleared his throat to speak and they turned. Jeff sat up with a glad cry. John Young and Isaac Davis! He stared at them with eyes that couldn't

Before Jeff could draw his cutlass, he and the guide were smothered by brown bodies that crashed down on them.



quite focus. There was a roaring in his head and his forehead hurt.

John Young said, grinning, "Time ye awoke, lad. We thought you was goin' to sleep all day."

Isaac Davis walked over and put his hand on the boy's shoulder. "How's the head, Jeff Quinton?"

"Feels like a soft pumpkin," Jeff said wryly. "Isaac, it's good to see you in health again. You were fair stove up when Kalani found you."

"Aye, lad," Young nodded. "And that bloody business is why we're all three here in this hut."

Jeff blinked, realizing that Young's presence here needed some explaining. "Bosun, what are you doing here?"

Then, with sudden fear, he asked, "Is the *Eleanora* nearby?"

Young sat by him, cross-legged. "Well, my young sprout, I'll take the last question first. The *Eleanora*, curse her scurvy captain, even now stands offshore. We three are to be held under guard until she tires of waiting for the *Fair American* and sets sail for China."

Jeff started, "But the tender is . . ."

"I know, lad. She's wrecked and her crew is dead—all but Isaac here. And it seems like Kamehameha is afraid of what might happen if the master of the *Eleanora* heard about it. So he has issued orders that all white men who appear are to be seized and held, lest they carry the word to Metcalfe."

Jeff said soberly, "So he knows the two ships were to meet here!"

Isaac Davis shook his head. "Not so, lad. He knows only that one of his chiefs has mischieved a white ship, not that it is the tender of the schooner anchored offshore. His fear is that the captain of the *Eleanora*, being white himself, might take vengeance with his cannon."

Young laughed bitterly. "Aye, and that's a fair jest, calling old Metcalfe a white man! If a man's skin was the color of his heart, Simon's would be like polished ebony, and you can lay to that! I'd sooner have any native on these islands for a brother!"

Jeff rose unsteadily and walked to the door of the hut, trying his legs. Outside, squatting comfortably, were half a dozen husky warriors.

Bosun Young said, "No use, lad. When the *Eleanora* sails, the king will free us. Not until. Meanwhile, we're safe enough."

"But you haven't told me how you came here."

"Same way you did," Young grinned. "I was carried. I sneaked ashore by night, wanting to be free of the schooner. Better to be lost on a savage isle than tied to that blood-smeared hulk, I figured. And no sooner did I touch shore than Kamehameha's bully boys picked me up like a sack o' grain, trussed me up like the good sailors they be and brought me here. Isaac was already taken."

Davis added, "Twas poor fortune you and the guide fought the king's men, lad. They wanted only to bring you here for safekeepin'." He smiled. "Lauhala, one of the chiefs, claims you bit him in the stomach and he got kinda mad and beat you over the head with his spear."

Jeff laughed. "I didn't know who he was. Nor did I much care. He was laying on my face, that was all. Where's the guide?"

"Gone back to Ridler," Davis said.

Young added, "Now tell us your tale, lad. I'm fair curious. Last I saw of you, the brown youngster was draggin' you ashore at Kāua'i. Then he came back and picked up my message."

Jeff made himself comfortable on a mat and launched into his story. "I got the message, but we couldn't get to the village fast enough." He made much of what had happened at Maloolā and its aftermath.

Young's face darkened. "Aye, that was fair bloody. We pleaded with Simon not to loose the guns, but he must have his way; blast him! More'n a hundred killed and many wounded, we figgered."

"That's about right," Jeff agreed. He gave a brief picture of his trip to Hawaii, the meeting with Ridler, and the burial of the crew of the *Fair American*. Young already knew of the massacre from Isaac.

There was quiet in the hut when his recital ended, broken soon by the heavy breathing of the others. Jeff lay awake, thinking sadly. The *Fair American*, wrecked on a coral reef. Complete ruin for Quinton and Son, because all their small fortune was tied up in the venture. Even if he could get home, perhaps on Ridler's ship when it returned, how could he face his father?

Reason told him none of the sad business was his fault, but that didn't lessen the fact of ruin for his father and himself. Presently he fell asleep, and his dreams were troubled.

Three days had passed since the sailing of the *Eleanora* and the prompt release of the white men by Kamehameha. The chief, a great warrior but a kindly one, had made them welcome, ordering a *luau* in their honor.

But Jeff remained morose. The thought of the dark future was too much on his mind. Somehow, he had to get home to New York. It would mean resuming the hated apprenticeship as a store clerk, but at least he would be at his father's right hand. Perhaps one day the firm of Quinton and Son would have another chance at success.

Then Ridler arrived, with Kalani and half a dozen young warriors. They sought Jeff out at once.

Kalani put a hand on Jeff's shoulder. "Good things, *haole* brother!"

Ridler said, "Good is the word, young'un. Me and Kalani been looking over the little schooner. Can you take some fair tidings?"

"Can I? What is it, Mister Ridler?"

"The *Fair American* will sail again," the carpenter's mate said. Then, at Jeff's shout of joy, he raised a warning hand. "'Twill take some doing, lad. We need the king's help in finding and cutting good timber for new masts and spars. If Isaac Davis will bear a hand, we can patch the hull so she'll float."

He started to say more then stopped, grinning. Jeff was already running toward the hut where Kamehameha held court, Kalani hard on his heels.

Kamehameha was nearing middle age, but his body was that of a young man, cleanly muscled and vibrant with good health. It was said that he could dodge a score of spears, thrown at him simultaneously by his warriors.

Jeff poured out what Ridler had told him, stopping now and then while Kalani translated.

The king held up his hand and asked a question. Kalani said, "The King asks how is this small ship yours if you are from the big ship?"

Jeff hesitated for a moment, then launched into the full story of the two ill-fated schooners and the connection between them. The King listened intently to Kalani's translation, not missing a word.

Once he asked about the relationship between the captain of the *Eleonora* and the captain of the *Fair American* and murmured "*auwe, auwe,*" when told they were father and son. It was the first he or any other islander had known of the connection between the two ships.

When the recital ended, the King nodded his majestic head, addressing Kalani.

Kalani said gleefully, "Kamehameha says good!" Jeff stopped right in the middle of an excited caper. "But what will I do for a crew? John Young and Isaac Davis have decided to stay here."

It was true. The King had made the two sailors chiefs and appointed them his official advisors, giving them lands and homes.

Young had pointed out that the future held little for either of them—only long years before the mast, working like dogs. True, he admitted, captains like Simon Metcalfe were rare, especially among Americans. But a sailor's life was nothing overmuch at best. And so he and Isaac Davis had agreed to stay in this land of plenty.

Kalani said, "I have six warriors. Young, like us. They will be the crew, *haole*. We will go to your land as brothers."

Jeff's heart choked up in his throat. He held out a hand to Kalani wordlessly.

Then, "But who will navigate?"

John Young, who had come into the hut unnoticed, spoke from behind him. "Leave that to the islanders, lad. They were navigators sailing this ocean when Chris Columbo was a boy. They'll get you safely home again, mark me!"

Visions of that homecoming leaped into Jeff's head. What a grand welcome would be given, Kalani and the young warriors in New York! If only . . . he spoke rapidly. "How about the sandalwood? Will we be able to take back a cargo?"

Kalani nodded. "Our Father the Thunderer has said it."

New York, with a cargo of sandalwood! Or perhaps it would be better to take it on the Western Coast with some China-bound merchantman. But time enough to think of that, later. He was going home! And at least part of the venture would be salvaged, no thanks to Simon Metcalfe.

At the thought of the *Eleonora's* master his face darkened. He didn't like to think of Simon Metcalfe going scot free. He knew full well no judge would ever convict him. To most white men, the Sandwich Islanders were savages, unfit to be treated as human beings. Thank God few of the American sea captains felt that way!

He said, "I'd like to see him hanged!"

The bitterness of his tone brought a question from Kamehameha. Kalani answered, explaining what Jeff had meant. Then the king replied thoughtfully, his eyes on Jeff's.

Kalani translated. "The King says the captain's Gods punish him. He hit Kameelamoku, and for that Kameelamoku killed the young captain who was his son."

Jeff's eyes widened. He hadn't thought of it that way. Because of Simon Metcalfe's foul temper, his only son had died a violent death! No punishment would be greater than that of his own conscience when he learned what had happened to Tom, and why.

For an instant Jeff felt almost sorry for Metcalfe, then he resolutely put memories aside. Already he was picturing his return to New York with a crew of Sandwich Islanders and a full cargo. He put his hand on Kalani's arm.

"Let's find Ridler and tell him. The sooner we get to work, the sooner we'll reach New York and put clothes on you."

Kalani's handsome face looked puzzled. "What is that—clothes?" He stumbled over the unfamiliar word.

Jeff looked at the muscular body of his friend, clad only in the brief bark-cloth *malo*. He laughed, "You'll see, laddie. You'll see!" Kalani, sensing the upsurge of his adopted brother's spirits, laughed too.

Then together the Sons of the Thunderer walked out into the brilliant Hawaiian sunlight.

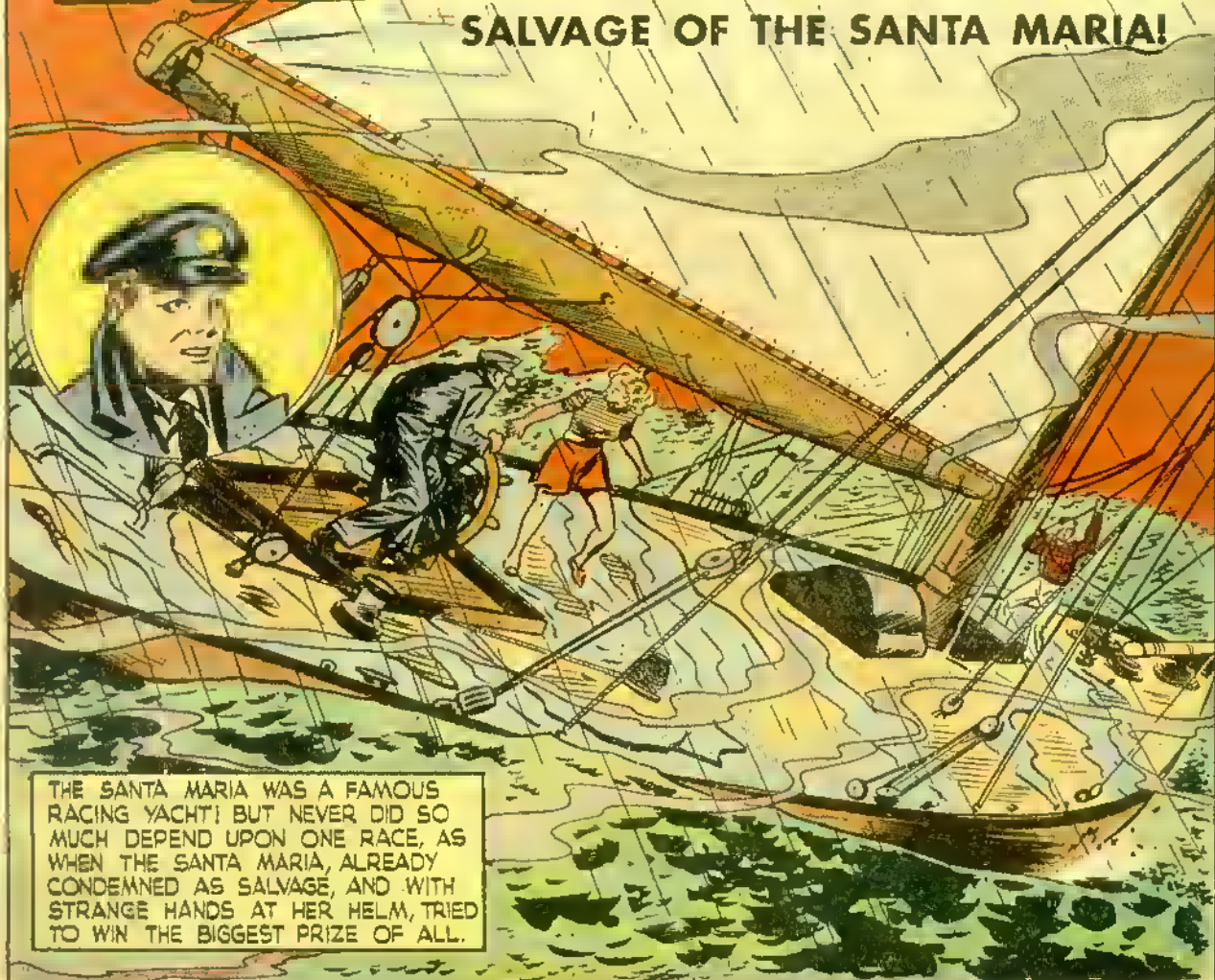
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"Freedom of speech—bahl!"

DIG BAILEY

SALVAGE OF THE SANTA MARIA!

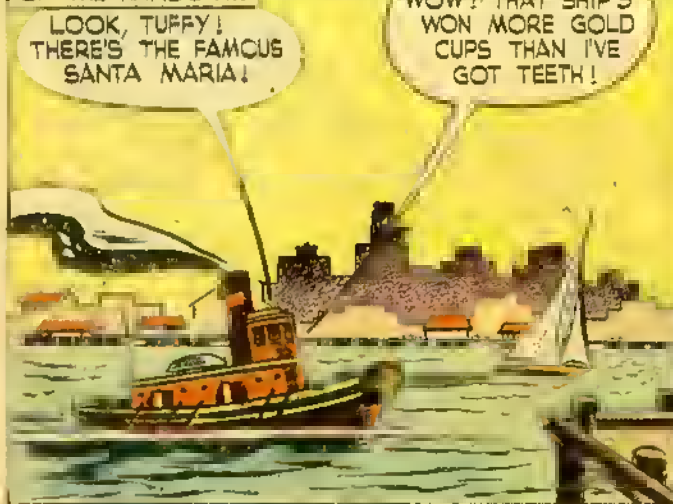


THE SANTA MARIA WAS A FAMOUS RACING YACHT! BUT NEVER DID SO MUCH DEPEND UPON ONE RACE, AS WHEN THE SANTA MARIA, ALREADY CONDEMNED AS SALVAGE, AND WITH STRANGE HANDS AT HER HELM, TRIED TO WIN THE BIGGEST PRIZE OF ALL.

ONE DAY, AS THE TUGBOAT "BROADSIDE" MOVES OUT OF THE HARBOR...

LOOK, TUFFY! THERE'S THE FAMOUS SANTA MARIA!

WOW! THAT SHIP'S WON MORE GOLD CUPS THAN I'VE GOT TEETH!



I WONDER WHAT IT WOULD FEEL LIKE TO BE AT THE HELM OF A BOAT LIKE THE SANTA MARIA?

GOSH, A GUY WHO OWNS A BOAT LIKE THAT DOESN'T HAVE A CARE IN THE WORLD!



BUT TUFFY IS WRONG. FOR THE OWNER OF THE SANTA MARIA IS BESET BY TROUBLE. WITNESS THIS SCENE.

YOU'RE BANKRUPT, ROBERTS! IN TWO MORE DAYS I'M TAKING POSSESSION OF YOUR ESTATE - AND THAT INCLUDES THE SANTA MARIA!

HELLO DAD! MAY I COME IN?

YOU'LL NEVER GET MY SHIP WILLIAMSON! I'LL FIND THE MONEY TO PAY YOU, SOMEHOW!

NOT A CHANCE, ROBERTS! YOU CAN'T BORROW A DIME, AND YOU KNOW IT! MUCH LESS THE FIFTY THOUSAND YOU OWE ME!!

YOU'VE ADMITTED THAT THE SANTA MARIA BELONGS TO MY FATHER FOR TWO MORE DAYS...

...AND WE'RE ENTERING HER IN THE NASSAU RACE! THERE'S A FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLAR GRAND PRIZE!

I FORGOT ABOUT THE NASSAU RACE! THAT CHANGES THE PICTURE!

AS CHARLES WILLIAMSON IS LEAVING...

I'VE BEEN AFTER THE SANTA MARIA TOO LONG TO BE BEATEN NOW! THE NEXT STEP IS PLAIN! I MUST MAKE SURE THE SANTA MARIA DOESN'T WIN THE NASSAU RACE...

LATER...

YOU MEN ARE SAILING WITH THE GIRL ON THE SANTA MARIA! THIS MONEY IS TO MAKE SURE YOU DON'T FINISH THE RACE.

YOU WANT US TO SCUTTLE HER?

OF COURSE NOT! NO HARM MUST COME TO THE SANTA MARIA! ALL I WANT YOU TO DO IS ABANDON SHIP MIDWAY IN THE COURSE! THE GIRL CAN'T BRING IN THE SANTA MARIA ALONE.

AND SO, WHEN NIGHT FALLS...

DIG! I JUST
PICKED UP A
DISTRESS SIGNAL!

WHAT?

TAKE THE WHEEL,
ZEKE! NOW, WHAT
WERE YOU
SAYING?

THE SANTA MARIA'S IN
TROUBLE! ONLY A FEW
MILES OUT TO SEA!
HERE'S THE
MESSAGE!

HMMMM! THERE'S A
SQUALL BLOWING UP,
ALL RIGHT! ALL
HARBOR CRAFT HAVE
BEEN WARNED NOT
TO LEAVE...

WHAT'RE WE
GONNA DO,
DIG?

HEAD FOR THE
SANTA MARIA, OF
COURSE! WARNING
OR NOT, WE CAN'T
LEAVE A SHIP TO
FOUNDER WITHOUT
TRYING TO HELP!

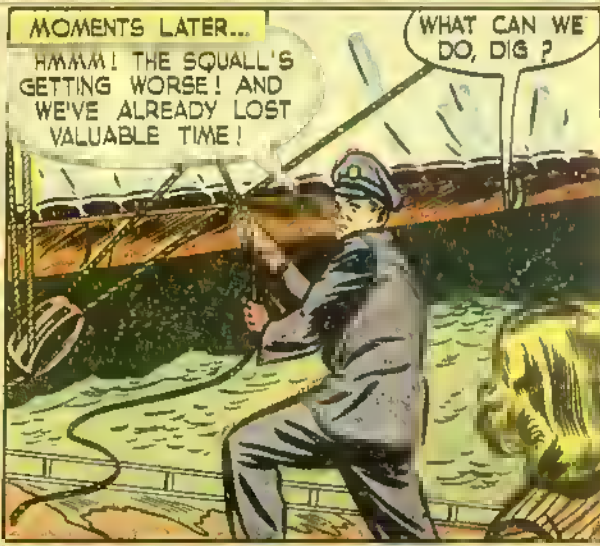
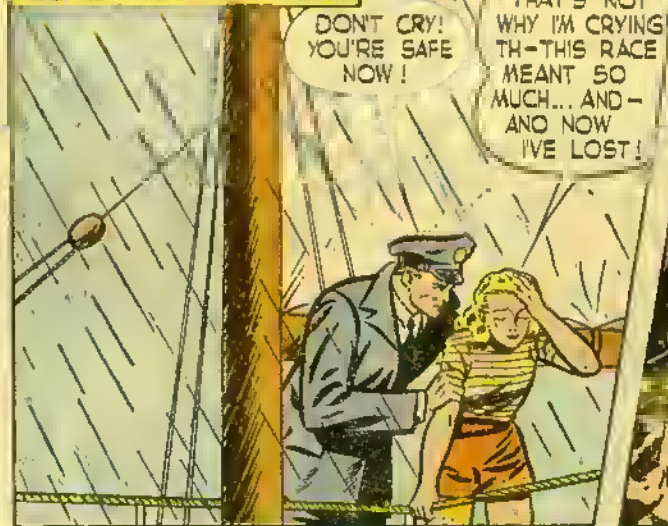
POUNDED BY 'WHITE CAPS' IN A HEAVY SEA, THE
TUGBOAT "BROADSIDE" REACHES THE SANTA
MARIA...

AHOY, THERE!
WHAT'S WRONG?

MY CREW DESERTED
ME! THERE'S NO
ONE ELSE
ABOARD!

IT'S A
GIRL! GOLLY!

WE'RE BOARDING THE
SANTA MARIA! GUESS
WE'LL HAVE TO TOW
HER BACK TO
PORT!



MEANWHILE AS ZEKE IS PILOTING THE BROADSIDE BACK TO HARBOR...

AHOY, THERE! GIVE US A HAND!

SHIPWRECKED, EH?

SERVES YOU RIGHT FOR BEIN' OUT IN A SQUALL LIKE THIS WITH A ROWBOAT!

WE WERE ABOARD THE SANTA MARIA BUT IT CAPSIZED, AND WE SET OUT IN THE ROWBOAT TO MAKE SHORE!

LYIN' IN THEIR TEETH, BOTH OF 'EM! THESE FELLERS ARE THE ONES WHO DESERTED THE SANTA MARIA! I'LL FIX THEM!

YOU'LL NEED A CHANGE OF CLOTHES, AND SOME HOT FOOD! GO RIGHT INSIDE!

THANKS, OLDTIMER!

HEY!

YOU VERMINTS ARE GOIN' TO STAY RIGHT THERE, UNTIL YOU'RE WILLIN' TO SIGN A CONFESSION THAT YOU ABANDONED THE SANTA MARIA WITHOUT ORDERS!

THE NEXT AFTERNOON FINDS THE SANTA MARIA SKIMMING ALONG PEACEFUL WATERS TOWARD THE FINISH OF THE NASSAU RACE...

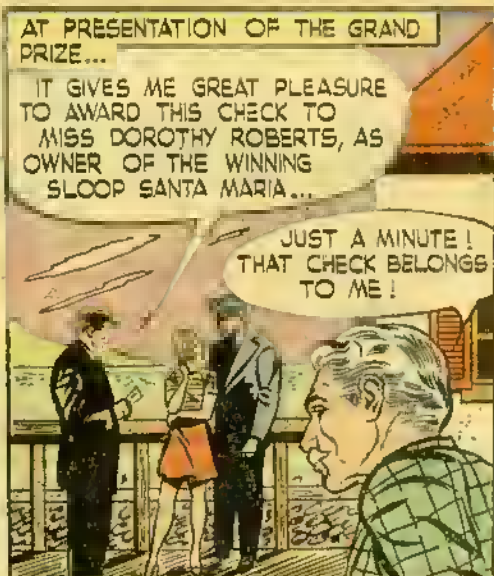
THERE ARE THE MARKER BUOYS AHEAD!

THE CROWD'S STILL WAITING! THAT - THAT MEANS...



WE'VE WON!
OUR TROUBLES
ARE OVER!

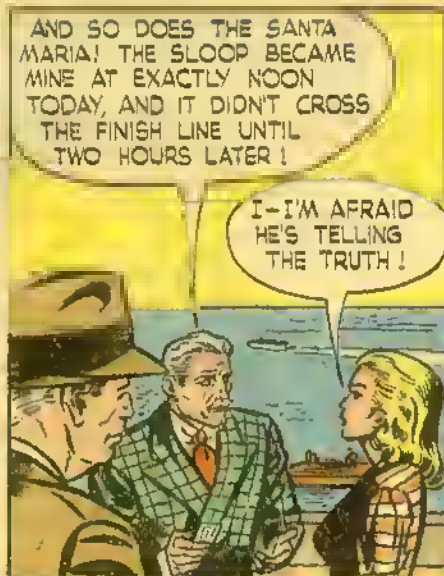
GULP!



AT PRESENTATION OF THE GRAND
PRIZE...

IT GIVES ME GREAT PLEASURE
TO AWARD THIS CHECK TO
MISS DOROTHY ROBERTS, AS
OWNER OF THE WINNING
SLOOP SANTA MARIA...

JUST A MINUTE!
THAT CHECK BELONGS
TO ME!



AND SO DOES THE SANTA
MARIA! THE SLOOP BECAME
MINE AT EXACTLY NOON
TODAY, AND IT DIDN'T CROSS
THE FINISH LINE UNTIL
TWO HOURS LATER!

I-I'M AFRAID
HE'S TELLING
THE TRUTH!



JUST A MOMENT! IT SO
HAPPENS THAT I OWN THE
SANTA MARIA! AS CAPTAIN
OF THE TUG THAT ANSWERED
A DISTRESS CALL, I'M
ENTITLED TO FULL
SALVAGE RIGHTS...

ULP! THAT - THAT'S
RIGHT, ACCORDING
TO MARITIME
LAW!



BUT I HEREBY DEED
THE SANTA MARIA, AND
THE WINNINGS, BACK
TO MISS DOROTHY
ROBERTS!

OH, DIG! YOU'RE
WONDERFUL! NOW
DAD CAN PAY BACK
MR. WILLIAMSON,
AND GET A NEW
START IN BUSINESS!



ANOTHER DAY... AND THE TUGBOAT
'BROADSIDE' IS BACK ON ROUTINE
DUTY.

I STILL DON'T
UNDERSTAND HOW
YOU FORCED THOSE
TWO MEN TO CON-
FESS, AND IMPLICATE
MR. WILLIAMSON,
ZEKE!

WELL, AFTER I
HAD 'EM LOCKED
UP IN THAT
OILY, SMOKY
OLD GALLEY -
THEY GOT
SO SEASICK...



...THAT THEY PROMISED TO
TALK IF I'D TAKE THEM BACK
TO PORT, AND THEY TALKED!
ENOUGH TO SEND WILLIAMSON
TO JAIL FOR A GOOD
LONG TERM!

WATCH FOR
MORE THRILL-
PACKED COMICS
ADVENTURES,
IN THE NEXT
BIG ISSUE
OF "CALLING
ALL BOYS."

GO WESTERN, YOUNG MAN



Rootin', tootin', shootin', cow-boys and ropers decorate the front of this new long sleeve sport shirt by His Nibs. In sizes 8 to 18, about \$4.00, it's an in-or-out style you can wear with your dungarees.



Above, a rugged two tone Western shirt by George Sherwin is about \$4.00, sizes 8 to 18. Left, Berk Ray's "Poncho" jacket is strictly cow-puncher stuff, \$12.00 in sizes from 8 to 18.

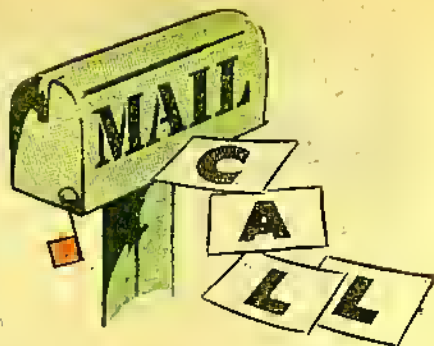


Regular cowboy style belt by Hickok of tooled leather with buckle, \$1.50.



See page 16 for list of fine stores that have these new Western clothes.

DRAWINGS BY MARCIA SARNA



Here they are—the first reports from the "Calling All Boys" Correspondents' Club! We wish that we could print more excerpts from the hundreds of swell coast-to-coast reports, but there just isn't room!

Club Notes

We have a new club called the "Balsa Butchers" in which we discuss the latest in model planes and motors. A friend and myself have opened a small model shop here in town. We're in it just for fun, but we have made a good profit too.

Correspondent Johnny Cookrell, 13
Cleburne, Texas.

Style Scouts

For casual or home wear we like Levis (the tight kind), white "T" shirts and socks. We also wear shoestrings made of a lot of clashing colors.

Correspondent Bill Baker, 15
Winslow, Arizona.

Style tips are tops with the gang. Some folks think fellows aren't interested in style tips as much as gals, but believe me no guy would take out a gal looking like a sack of last year's potatoes. Good appearance is as important as a smooth line.

Correspondent Ken Florence, 16
Saugus, Massachusetts.

Slanguage

In answering the telephone we ask, "For whom does the bell toll?" or we say, "This is heaven, which angel do you want to talk to?"

Correspondent Paul Fallaschek, 13
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma.

Sports Heroes

Our favorite sports star is Joe Louis because he is a credit to his race and also to his country. He is a very patriotic American who believes in freedom and cooperation.

Correspondent Henry Root, 13
Watertown, Massachusetts.

Watch for more interesting Correspondents' reports in the next big issue of "Calling All Boys!"

THE ADVENTURES OF

"BIGBRAIN BILLY"

THE SMARTEST BOY
IN THE WORLD



MIDVALE IS DOOMED! A SUDDEN FLASH FLOOD HAS FILLED MIDVALE RESERVOIR TO OVERFLOWING! NO ONE CAN REACH THE SAFETY VALVE AND THE BIG DAM IS CRACKING FROM THE PRESSURE. WHAT CAN BIGBRAIN BILLY DO?

AFTER SEEING HIS FAMILY OFF TO THE HILLS, BIGBRAIN BILLY ANSWERS AN EMERGENCY CALL TO THE MAYOR'S OFFICE.

WE'LL NEED EVERY BRAIN IN MIDVALE TO PULL US OUT OF THIS ONE, BILLY—ESPECIALLY YOURS! HERE, BE CAREFUL OF THESE! TOWN DOCUMENTS! WE'VE GOT TO SAVE THEM!

YES,
SIR!
YOUR
CAR
IS
OUT
FRONT!



WE'LL SEE WHAT WE CAN DO UP AT THE DAM! HOP ON! HURRY!

THANKS, MAYOR!

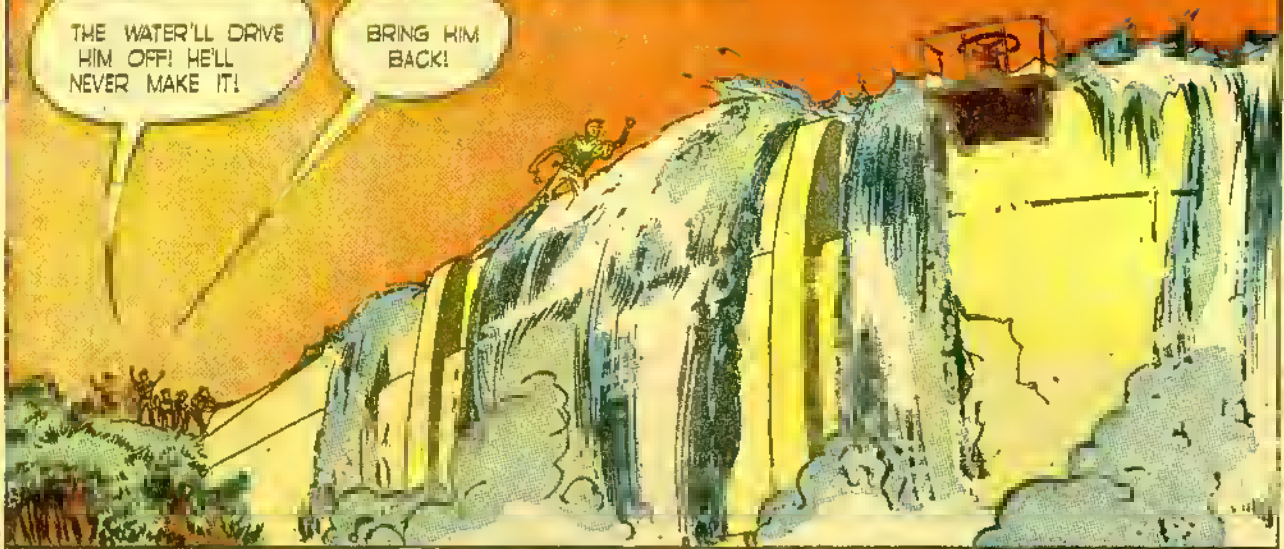


...AND MAYOR WHETSTONE DRIVES THE LAST CAR OUT IN A DESPERATE ATTEMPT TO SAVE MIDVALE BEFORE THE FLOOD BURSTS THE DAM.

AS THEY REACH THE DAM A TENSE DRAMA IS TAKING PLACE...

THE WATER'LL DRIVE
HIM OFF! HE'LL
NEVER MAKE IT!

BRING HIM
BACK!



I TRIED TO MAKE IT TO
THE EMERGENCY VALVE
OUT THERE BUT THE
OVERFLOW WAS TOO
POWERFUL!

LET ME TRY,
YOUR HONOR!
MAYBE I
COULD DO IT!



ABSOLUTELY
NOT, SON!
IT WOULD
BE
SUICIDE!

HMM—IF WE
COULD ONLY
GET AT THAT
SAFETY
VALVE FROM
THE AIR!
MAYBE A
HELICOPTER...



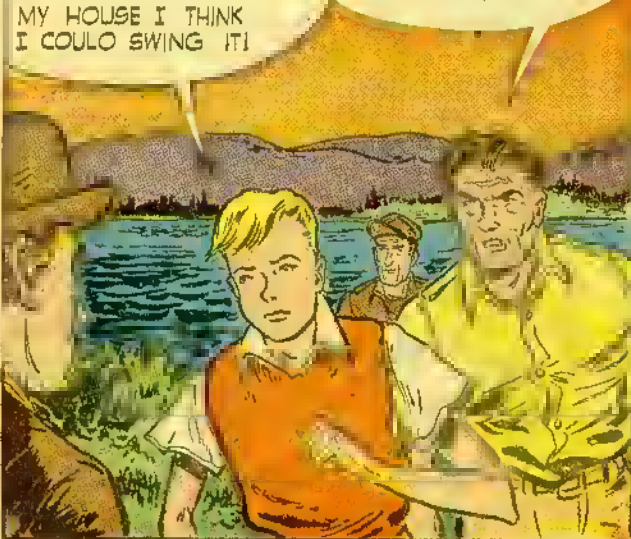
YES, IF! IF THE
LINES WEREN'T
DOWN SINCE
LAST NIGHT'S
STORM! EVEN IF WE
COULD GET WORD OUT
THEY COULDN'T GET A
HELICOPTER TO US
IN TIME!

TOO BAD BART
WILSON IS
OFF HUNTING...
WE COULD
USE HIS!



HEY! MAYBE I COULD
REACH BART! IF SOMEONE
WILL DRIVE ME BACK TO
MY HOUSE I THINK
I COULD SWING IT!

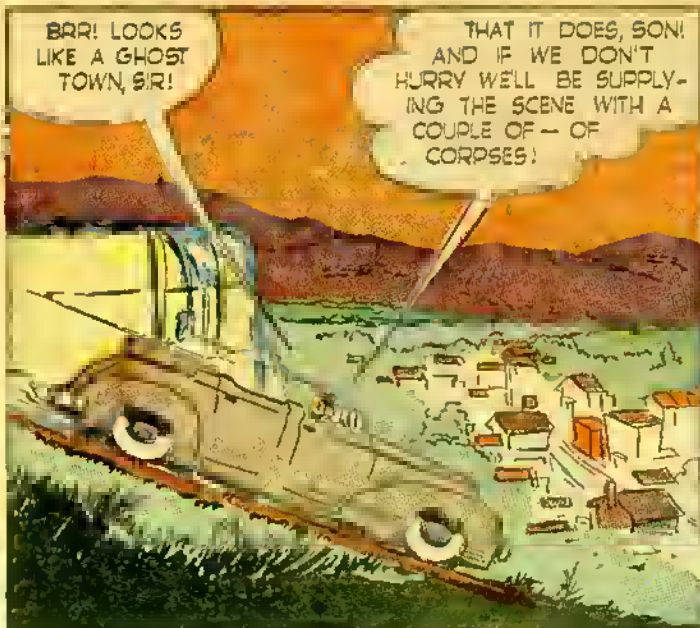
IN THE FACE OF
THIS FLOOD? YOU'RE
CRAZY!



THESE MEN ALL HAVE FAMILIES,
SON! I'LL DRIVE YOU DOWN
INTO TOWN MYSELF!

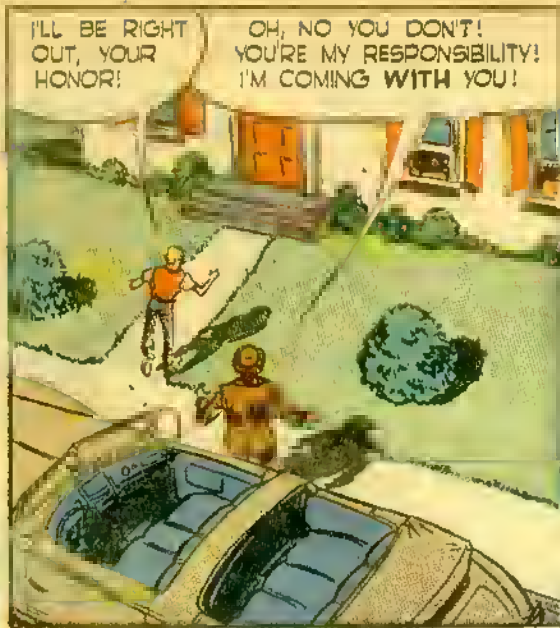
THANKS,
SIR!





BRR! LOOKS LIKE A GHOST TOWN, SIR!

THAT IT DOES, SON! AND IF WE DON'T HURRY WE'LL BE SUPPLYING THE SCENE WITH A COUPLE OF -- OF CORPSES!



I'LL BE RIGHT OUT, YOUR HONOR!

OH, NO YOU DON'T! YOU'RE MY RESPONSIBILITY! I'M COMING WITH YOU!



PORTABLE RADIO TRANSMITTER IS OKAY! GOOD! NOW TO CHECK THE MODEL PLANE!

THIS IS NO TIME TO PLAY WITH MODEL AIRPLANES.

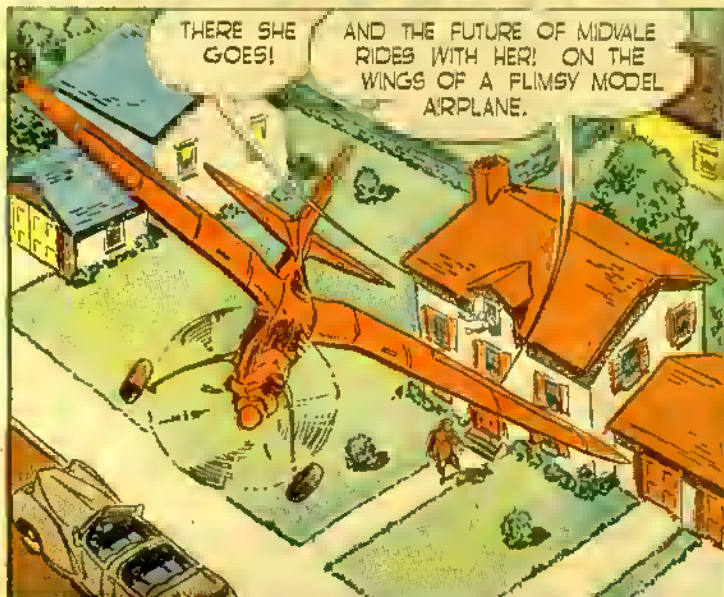


THAT'S JUST IT, SIR! THIS IS A RADIO CONTROLLED MODEL! SINCE BART WILSON HAS NO PHONE OR RADIO AT HIS PLACE UP AT BEAR HOLLOW, AND THERE'S NO ROAD TO DRIVE UP THERE, I...

YOU BELIEVE YOU CAN GET A MESSAGE TO HIM WITH THIS!

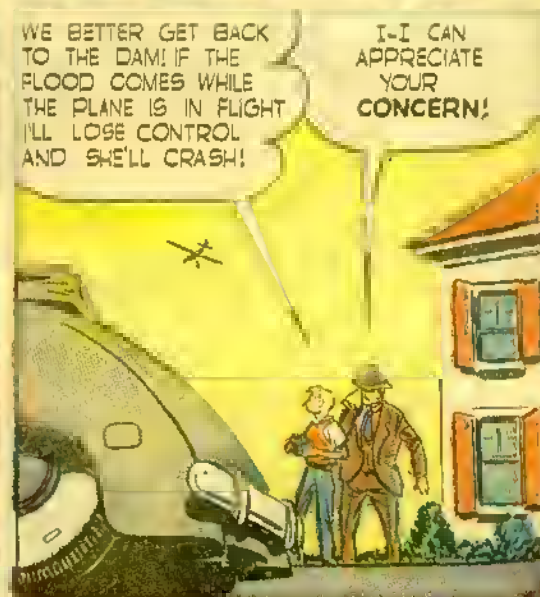


I CAN ONLY TRY, SIR! SOON AS I FUEL THE PLANE AND PREPARE IT FOR THE TRIP I'LL JOT DOWN A NOTE TO BART AND PUT IT WHERE HE CANT MISS IT!



THERE SHE GOES!

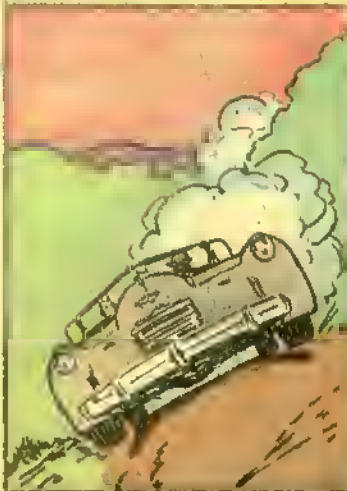
AND THE FUTURE OF MIDVALE RIDES WITH HER! ON THE WINGS OF A FLIMSY MODEL AIRPLANE.



WE BETTER GET BACK TO THE DAM! IF THE FLOOD COMES WHILE THE PLANE IS IN FLIGHT I'LL LOSE CONTROL AND SHE'LL CRASH!

I-I CAN APPRECIATE YOUR CONCERN!

AND AS THE MAYOR'S CAR SPEEDS TOWARD HIGHER GROUND AND SAFETY...



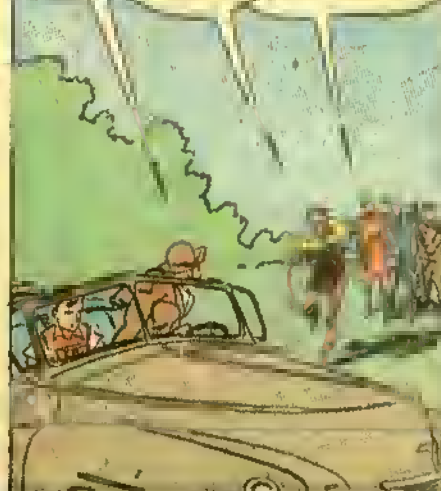
...THE MODEL PLANE ROARS TOWARD BEAR HOLLOW LIKE A RADIO CONTROLLED ARROW!



HERE WE ARE!

DID YOU CONTACT BART?

HOW SOON WILL HE BE HERE?



THE MAYOR EXPLAINS...A BIT SKEPTICALLY...AND ALL EYES TURN TO BILLY...

SHOULD BE THERE SOON!



WORD GETS AROUND...

THE OLD FOOL! MODEL AIRPLANES! FAUGH!

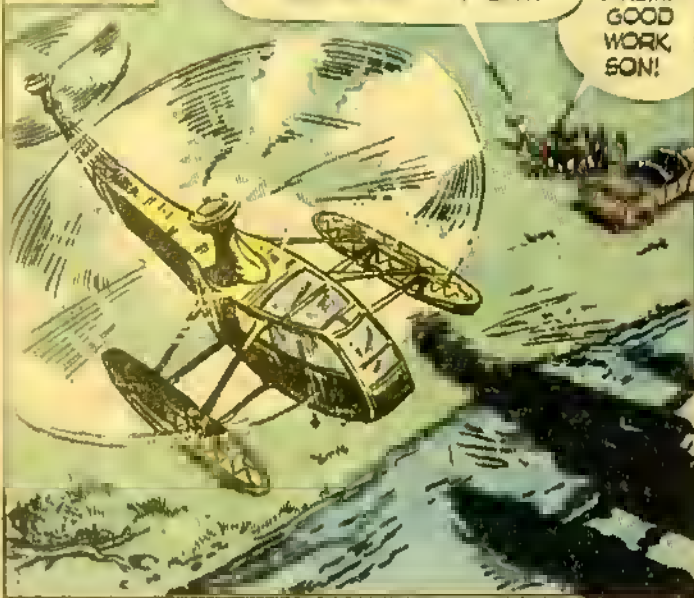
HE SHOULD HAVE BEEN IMPEACHED LONG AGO!



BUT THEN...

A HELICOPTER! IT'S BART!

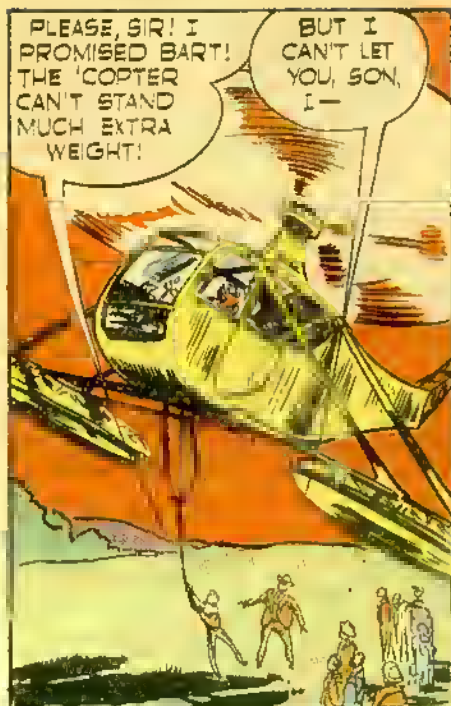
(PHEW!) GOOD WORK, SON!



THE DAM ISN'T SAFE YET, SIR! ASK EVERYBODY TO GIVE ME ROOM!

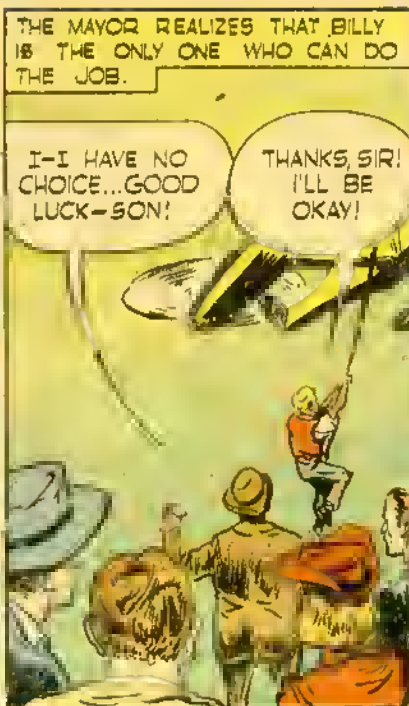
WHAT? YOU GO OUT THERE? I WON'T PERMIT IT!





PLEASE, SIR! I PROMISED BART! THE 'COPTER CAN'T STAND MUCH EXTRA WEIGHT!

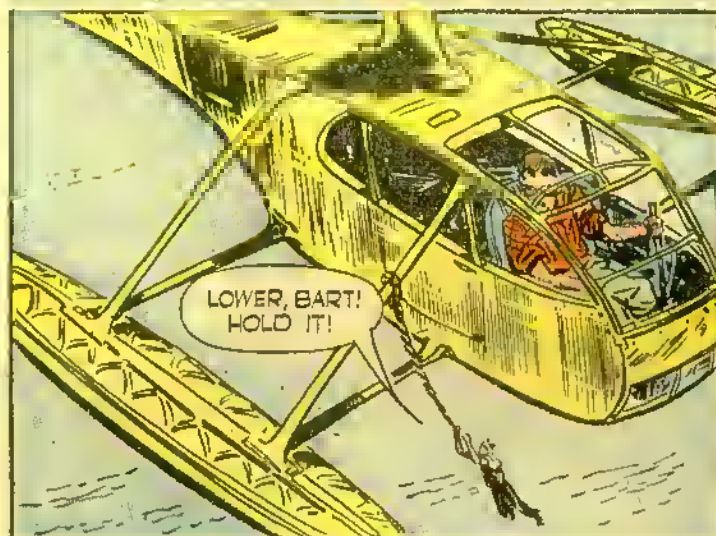
BUT I CAN'T LET YOU, SON, I—



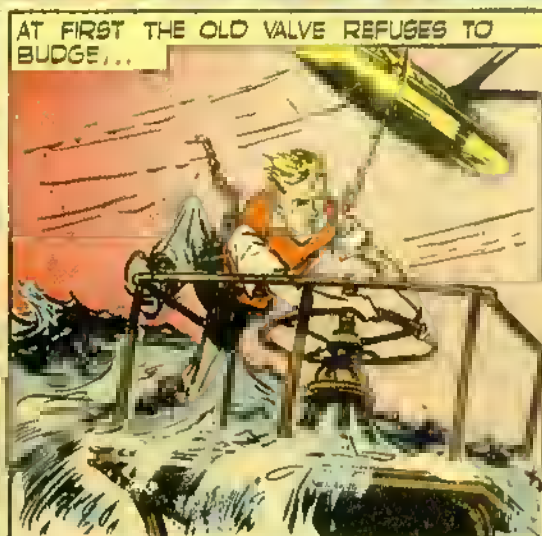
THE MAYOR REALIZES THAT BILLY IS THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN DO THE JOB.

I—I HAVE NO CHOICE...GOOD LUCK—SON!

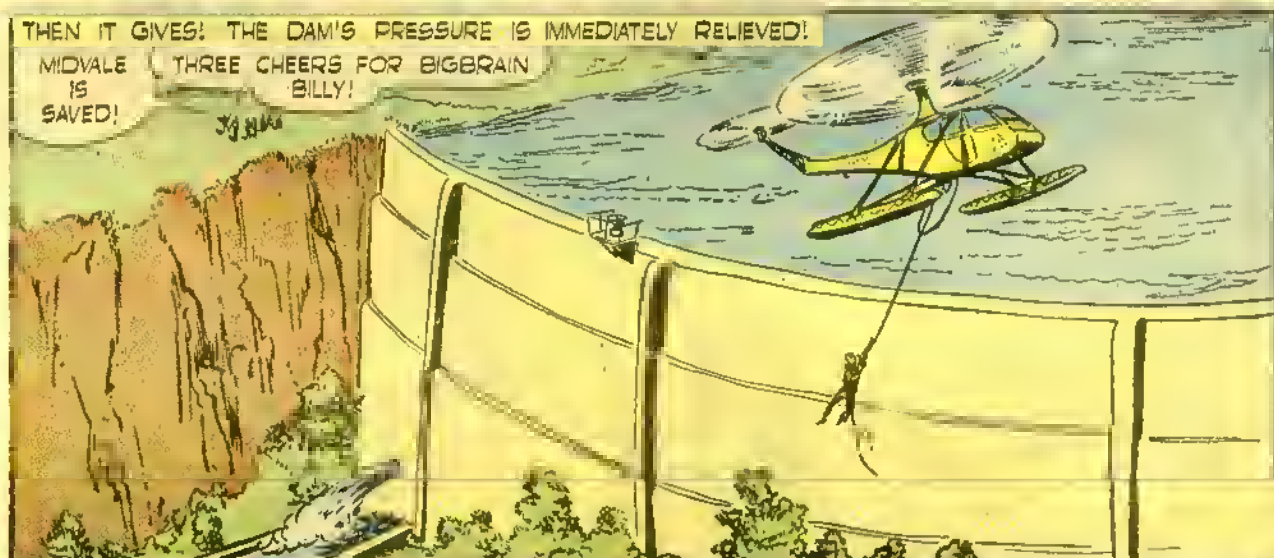
THANKS, SIR! I'LL BE OKAY!



LOWER, BART! HOLD IT!

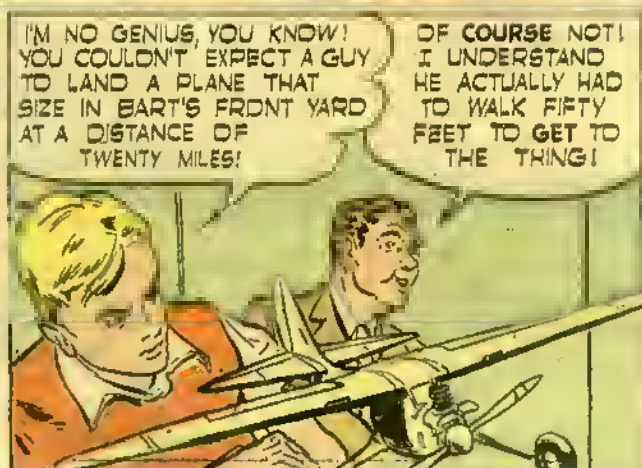
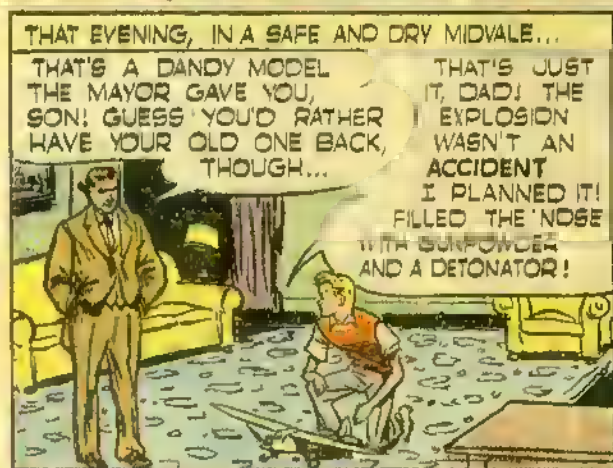
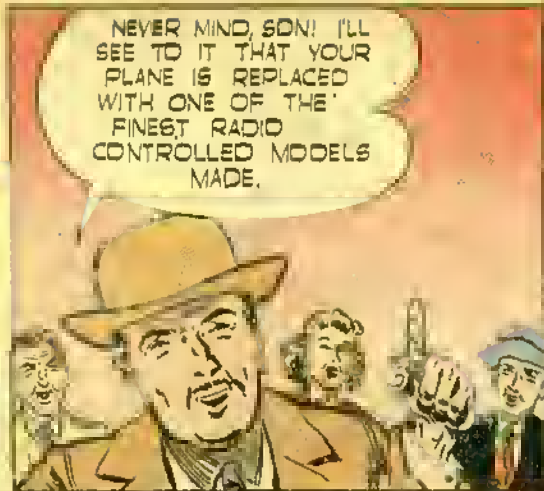
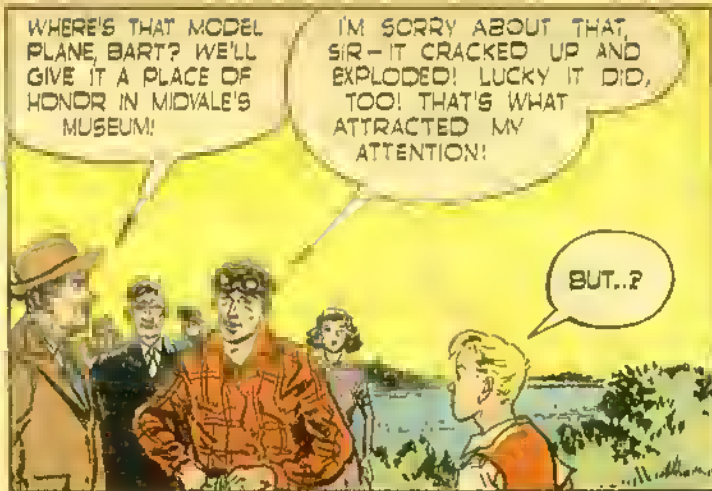


AT FIRST THE OLD VALVE REFUSES TO BUDGE...

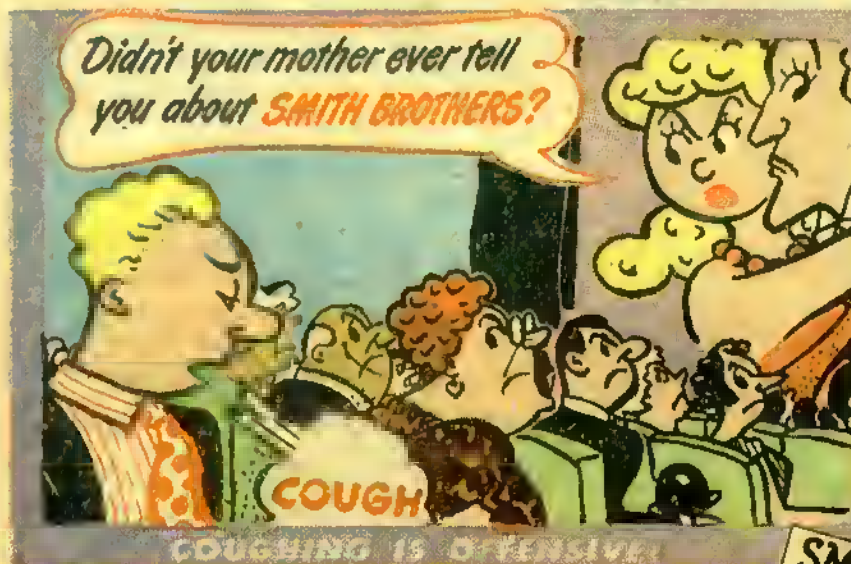


THEN IT GIVES! THE DAM'S PRESSURE IS IMMEDIATELY RELIEVED!

MIDVALE IS SAVED! THREE CHEERS FOR BIGBRAIN BILLY!



Advertisement



FAMOUS COUGH DROP FORMULA

RELIEVES COUGHS* 3 WAYS

*due to colds

- Eases tickling.
- Soothes dry membranes.
- Helps loosen phlegm.

"WHY IS A COUGHER LIKE A KID IN THE COAL BIN?"

"BECAUSE THEY BOTH GET A DIRTY LOOK."

Use Smith Brothers Menthol Cough Drops for stuffy nose

STILL ONLY

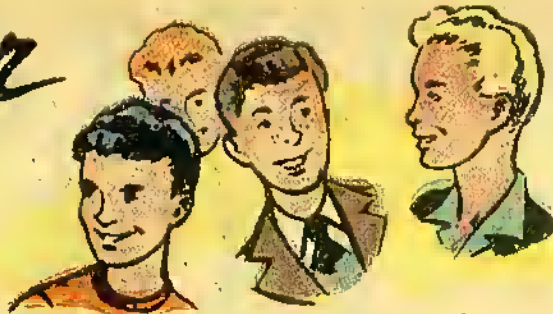
5¢



LET'S *talk it over*

Homework to do? Turn off that radio serial chum, and buckle down for some hard work

By STEPHEN STRONG



"I entered high school this year and am finding it really tough to crack the books and study. I'm afraid I'm going to fail unless I do something about this."

Frank R. 14, Illinois

STUDYING, Frank, is just a habit and many habits are difficult to start. But once you've gotten into the swing of things there's nothing to it. You wouldn't forget to brush your teeth every day, would you? The only question then, is how to get started?

The first thing I'd suggest you do is select a place to study. If you have your own room this is easy. If not, talk it over with your parents and tell them that you need some place in the house where you can work without being disturbed by people talking or by the radio blaring. Another thing to do is to set a regular time for study. This should usually be about fifteen minutes after supper.

Next, pick out a chair that feels comfortable and yet won't be so comfortable that you'll fall asleep in it. Label that chair mentally as your "study" chair. Once you sit down there you're going to work for a definite length of time with no fooling around. That means no reading of comics and sport pages, no listening to the radio! Yes, scientists have proved that you can't do effective studying while listening to the radio, even if it's just music. After you've completed your homework, if it's still early, you can listen to the radio or read awhile until it's time to hit the hay.



"Whenever I want to go someplace my little brother thinks he has to go along and my parents say if he doesn't go, I can't go. This spells my fun."

Don L. 13, Mass.

This problem, Don, is a coast-to-coast complaint! Every day I receive letters from boys of all

ages who feel that taking care of younger brothers and sisters interferes with their fun.

Now, as I've said in this column before, the family is a *team*. This means that, along with your mother and dad, you have a job to do. Part of this job is to help in taking care of younger children in the family. You should be pleased that your parents are willing to trust you with this important responsibility. Don't let them down!

But, when you've done your

part, you should have the privilege of going places and doing things on your own. Your parents will agree, I'm sure, if you talk it over with them.

There are many times when brother or sister would get a big kick out of going with you, and wouldn't cramp your style a bit. On occasions like this why don't you volunteer to take them with you? If you do, you'll be in a better position to ask to go alone to games, dances and parties.

QUIZZING all BOYS



Professor Quiz, famed radio quizmaster, brings you a new series of questions designed to show how good a detective you are. Try your luck on 'em!

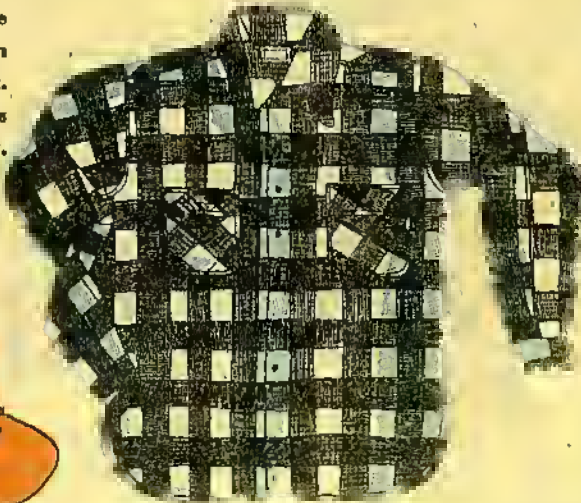
Solution on page 44.

1. X marks the spot where the flying fishes play. Where is it?
2. X marks the spot where the annual Rose Bowl game is held. Where is it?
3. X marks the spot where little Boy Blue fell asleep. Where was it?
4. X marks the spot where the village smithy stood. Where was it?
5. X marks the spot where the 1936 Olympics were held. Where was it?
6. X marks the spot where Moses received the Ten Commandments. Where was it?
7. X marks the spot where the first Atom Bomb was dropped by plane. Where was it?
8. X marks the spot where the decisive battle of the Civil War was fought. Where was it?

WHAT'S NEW FOR YOU

Fellers all over the country are going in for ski style sportswear. These rugged, colorful, outdoor clothes are certainly big news, whether they're actually used for skiing or just for school. Below, Fox-Knapp's Woolmaster shirt packs a wallop with its giant buffalo check squares. Shirts like this set you up in solid comfort for snow sports.

Below, many fellers are wearing this Western Pony Hat by Grewax. It's about \$2, and has real pony skin sides.

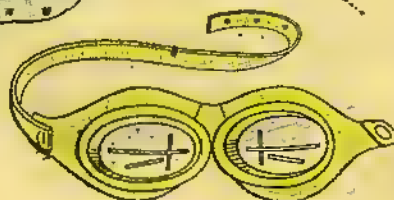


Bright, bold ski sweaters like this one by Jersild, below, show up on ski slopes and at schools everywhere. The front is decorated with a ski scene design. Many skiers wear ski goggles like these below to cut down glare of the snow. These are similar to the metal and rubber snap-on goggles worn by ski troopers in the American Army.



Write to Arthur Todd, c/o Calling All Boys, 52 Vanderbilt Avenue, New York 17, for name of store nearest you that has these ski togs.

DRAWINGS BY MARCIA SARNA



STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933, OF CALLING ALL BOYS, published bimonthly at Chicago, Ill., for January 1, 1947.

Slate of New York } ss.
County of New York }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Elliott A. Caplin, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the publisher of the CALLING ALL BOYS and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, president, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: President, George J. Hecht, 52 Vanderbilt Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.; Publisher, Elliott A. Caplin, 52 Vanderbilt Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.; Editor, Richard G. Kraus, 52 Vanderbilt Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.; Managing Editor, None; Business Managers, None.

2. That the owner is: Calling All Boys, Inc., which is a wholly owned subsidiary of The Parents' Institute, Inc., 52 Vanderbilt Avenue, New York 17, N. Y., whose stockholders owning 1% or more of total amount of stock are: Mr. Harry F. Guggenheim, 120 Broadway, New York, N. Y.; Mr. George J. Hecht, 52 Vanderbilt Avenue, New York, N. Y.; George J. Hecht, Trustee, 100 Gold Street, New York, N. Y.; Herceer Realty Corp., 125 West 33rd Street, New York, N. Y.; Institute of Advanced Study, Louis Bamberger and Mrs. Felix Fuld Foundation, c/o National Newark & Essex Banking Co., P. O. Box 569, Newark 1, N. J.; Mr. Herbert H. Lehman, c/o Lehman Brothers, One William Street, New York, N. Y.; Mr. George W. Naumburg, Room 4008, 60 East 42 Street, New York, N. Y.; James H. Post (Estate of), 129 Front Street, New York, N. Y.; Russell Sage Foundation, 130 East 52 Street, New York, N. Y.; State University of Iowa, Iowa City, Iowa; Teachers College, Columbia University, 525 West 120 Street, New York, N. Y.; Mrs. Lawrence Ullman, Le Roy Avenue, Tarrytown-on-Hudson, N. Y.; University of Minnesota, Minneapolis, Minn.; Yale University, New Haven, Conn.; Trust Department, The Chase National Bank, Successor Trustee to The Equitable Trust Company, 11 Broad Street, New York, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee, or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

(Signed) ELLIOTT A. CAPLIN,
Publisher.

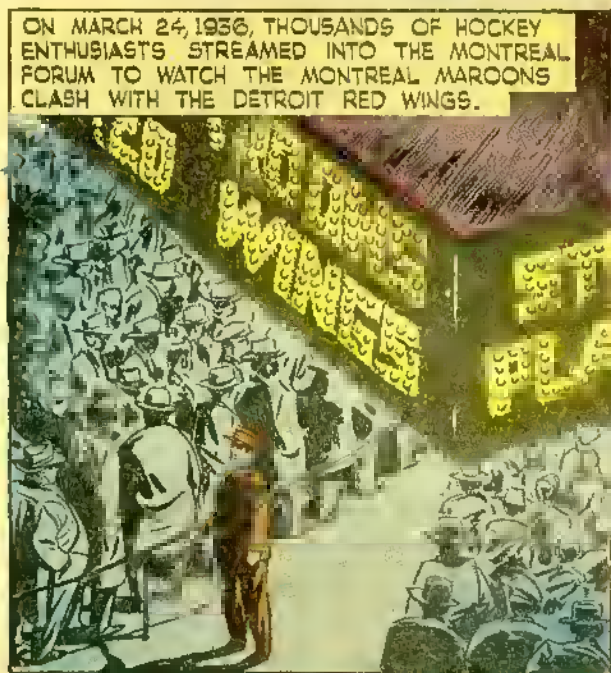
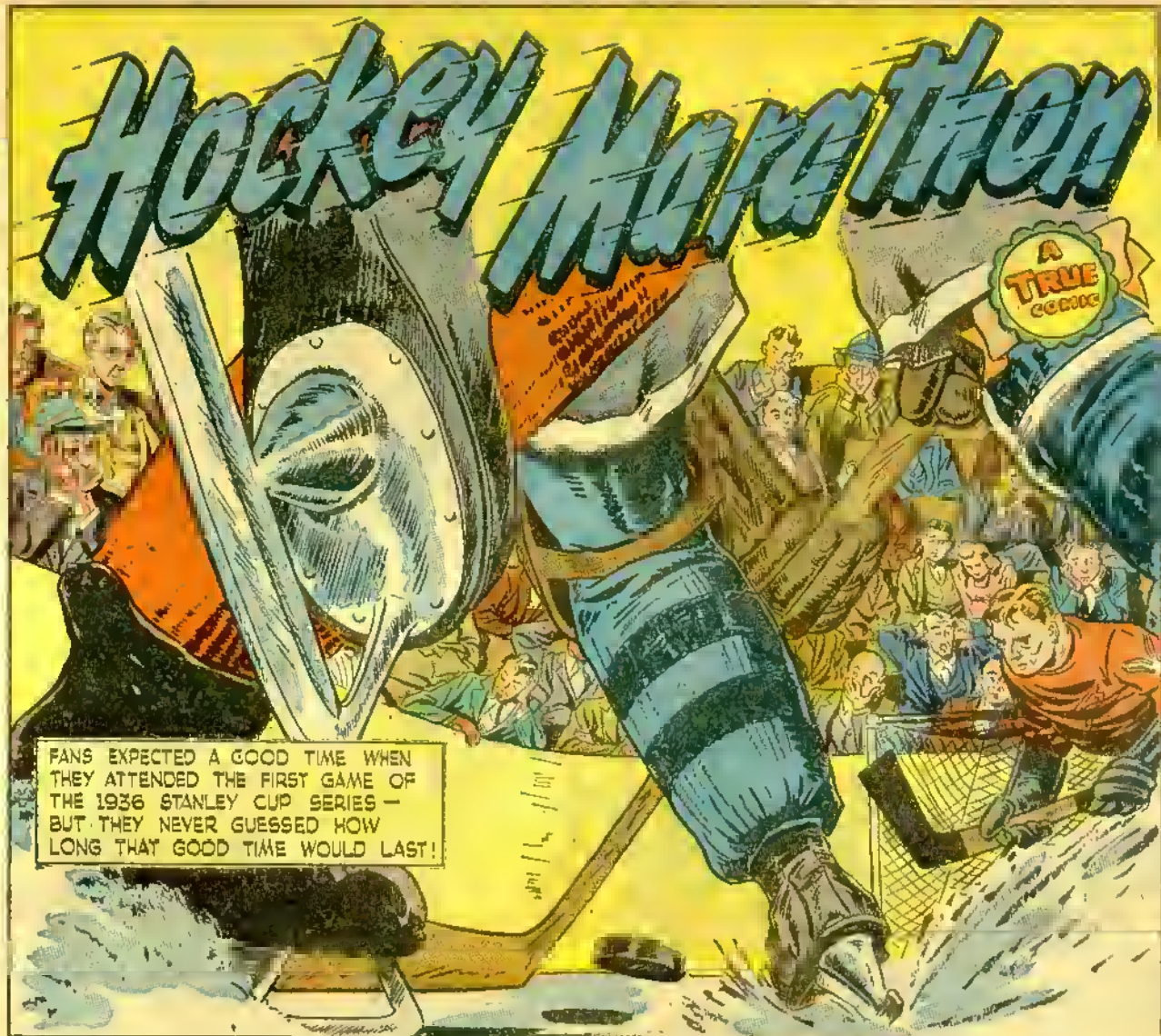
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 20th day of September, 1946.

(Seal) Jane Messerschmitt.

(My Commission expires March 30, 1948)

SOLUTION to QUIZ on Page 43

1. On the road to Mandalay
2. Pasadena, Cal.
3. Under the haystack.
4. Beneath the spreading chestnut tree.
5. Berlin.
6. Mount Sinai.
7. Hiroshima.
8. Goltysburg.



THE GAME STARTED AT 8:30 SHARP AND LEWIS, DETROIT WING, TOOK THE FACE-OFF...

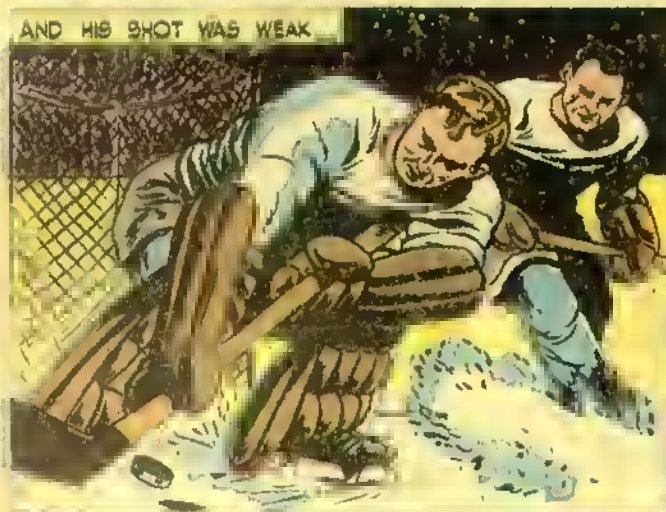


BUT AS HE SPED FORWARD TO FOLLOW IT UP...



...HE WAS BODY CHECKED.

AND HIS SHOT WAS WEAK



MONTREAL'S CENTER SCOOPED IT UP AND SENT IT FLYING TOWARD THE DETROIT NET...



BUT THE PRAISE WAS TOO QUICK...AND NORM SMITH, DETROIT GOALIE, STOPPED THE TRY SHARPLY!



LATER THE RED WINGS GOT THE DISC, AND LIFTED A GOOD ONE TOWARD THE MAROONS' NET...



BUT THE MAROONS' GOALIE, CHABOT, WAS JUST AS QUICK ON THE UPTAKE...

SORRY -
NOT THIS
TIME !

AND THE FIRST
PERIOD ENDED AS
A PREVIEW OF
THINGS TO COME.
MONTREAL MAROONS:
NOTHING - DETROIT
RED WINGS:
THE SAME !

IN THE SECOND STANZA, HOWE AND GOOD-
FELLOW, DETROIT SUBS, MANAGED TO
GET PAST THE MAROONS' DEFENSE...

GOODFELLOW SHOT FOR AN OPEN NET...

BUT UNLUCKILY...

IT WAS THE SAME STORY IN THE THIRD, BUT
STANLEY CUP GAMES MAY NOT END IN A
TIE, AND SO...

OKAY...HERE GOES
THE PUCK FOR
THE FIRST
OVERTIME !

AND PERIOD TWO ENDED
EXACTLY LIKE THE FIRST -
ZERO TO ZERO !

THEN THEY WERE AT IT AGAIN! AS THE OVERTIME PERIOD PASSED WITHOUT A SCORE AND THE SECOND STARTED, THE MAROONS BEGAN TO GROW DESPERATE...

THAT'S THE IDEA—
BACK 'EM RIGHT INTO
THEIR OWN NET!

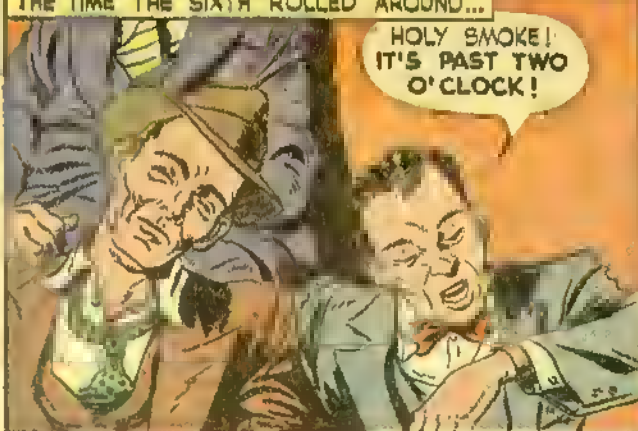


BUT WHEN TROTTIER OF MONTREAL TRIED A SHOT—WELL, HE SHOULD HAVE WAITED UNTIL NORM SMITH WASN'T AROUND!



SOON THE SECOND OVERTIME ENDED, AND FANS WATCHED THE THIRD COME AND GO WITHOUT A SCORE, TOO. THE FOURTH AND FIFTH WERE STILL ZERO. BY THE TIME THE SIXTH ROLLED AROUND...

HOLY SMOKE!
IT'S PAST TWO
O'CLOCK!



AND THEN, TOWARD THE END OF THE SIXTH, IT HAPPENED. DETROIT'S KILREA GOT THE PUCK AND PASSED IT TO A YOUNG ROOKIE NAMED BRUNETEAU...



THUS BRUNETEAU'S NAME WENT DOWN IN HOCKEY HISTORY—FOR THAT PASS WAS ALL HE NEEDED!



AT 2:30 A.M., ALMOST SIX HOURS AFTER IT STARTED, HOCKEY'S LONGEST GAME WAS OVER, WITH DETROIT THE WINNER, 1-0.

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SPOTLIGHT ON STAMPS



Save a special kind of stamp and your hobby will be twice as interesting!

By FRANC LADNER

SINCE our first article on how to start a stamp collection, which appeared in the last issue of "Calling All Boys," many fellows have written in saying that they are wondering just how to get the most enjoyment out of their new stamp hobby.

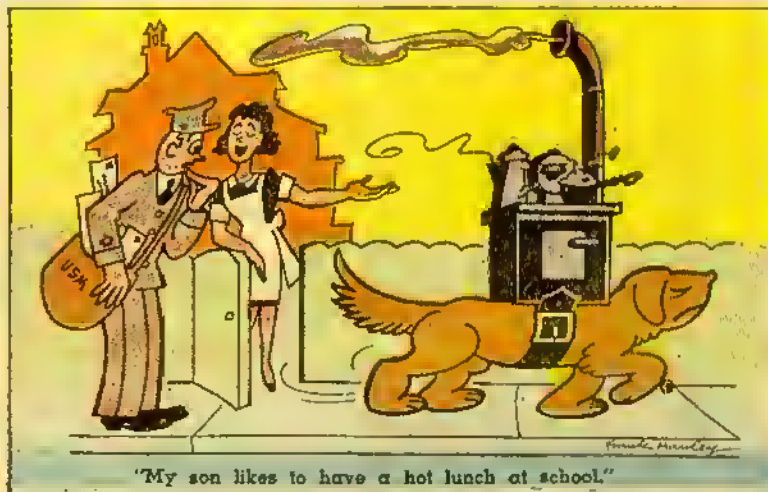
It's customary for beginning collectors to form General Collections: that is, to take all the stamps that come their way—from all over the world, parcel post stamps, postage due stamps, official stamps and so on. This is by far the best way of getting to know stamps. But as your General Collection grows, you'll begin to realize that the world is a big place and that you'd probably do better to concentrate on stamps relating to a single subject or country.

Some very interesting and beautiful collections have been made from stamps of the world featuring Heroes, Explorers, Sports, Transportation, Natives of Various Lands, The Postal Zoo, Rulers, Famous Men and Women, and Maps.

But for color and interest there's one type of collection that can't be surpassed, and that's an Air Post Collection. These stamps are usually large and vari-colored

and bear unusually attractive and exciting designs. And—most important of all—they illustrate the story of the development of the airplane and the importance of that invention to our present-day world: Lindbergh's flight in 1927; Trans-Atlantic and Trans-Pacific Issues; stamps showing early balloons, forerunners of planes; old-style monoplanes and biplanes contrasted with the modern four-engined transports and bombers and the speedy fighting planes which were developed during World War II.

Air Post stamps of all countries are different somehow from their ordinary postage issues, and it would seem from the many colorful and fascinating issues available that there is almost a sort of contest on to see which country can turn out the most eye-catching and desirable varieties. More and more young collectors are becoming Air Post enthusiasts, so why don't you join them? But don't discard that General Collection altogether! It will always be of interest in years to come. And make it a resolution today to buy at least one copy of each U. S. stamp which appears. Twenty years from now you'll have something to show for it!



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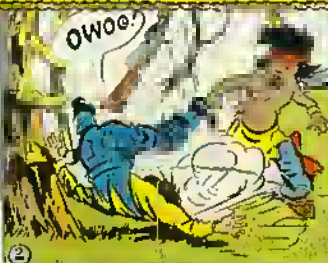
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